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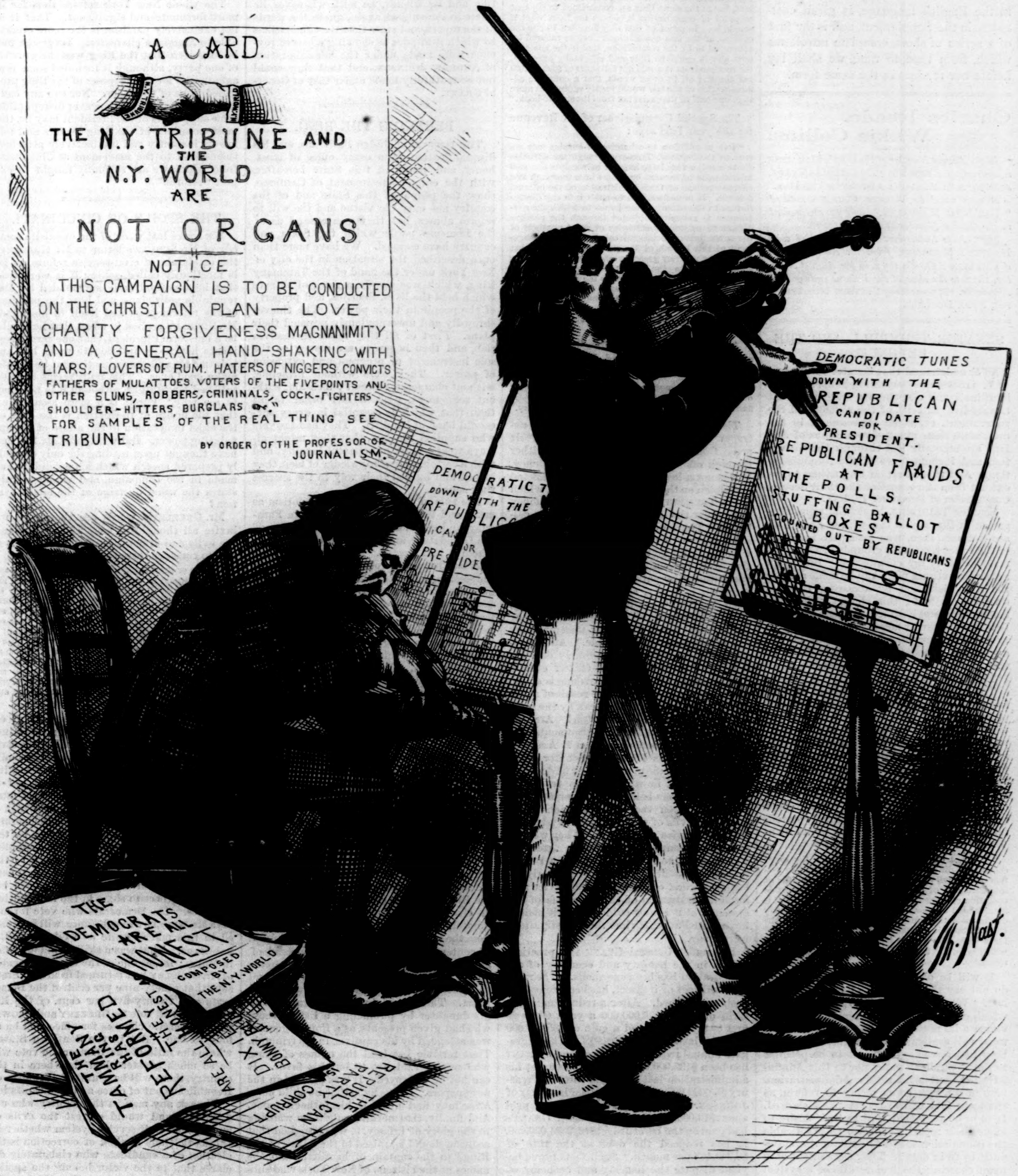

A CARD.
N.Y. TRIBUNE
N.Y. WORLD
THE N.Y. TRIBUNE AND THE N.Y. WORLD ARE NOT ORGANS
NOTICE
THIS CAMPAIGN IS TO BE CONDUCTED ON THE CHRISTIAN PLAN — LOVE CHARITY FORGIVENESS MAGNANIMITY AND A GENERAL HAND-SHAKING WITH "LIARS, LOVERS OF RUM. HATERS OF NIGGERS. CONVICTS FATHERS OF MULATTOES. VOTERS OF THE FIVEPOINTS AND OTHER SLUMS, ROBBERS, CRIMINALS, COCK-FIGHTERS, SHOULDER-HITTERS, BURGLARS &c."
FOR SAMPLES OF THE REAL THING SEE TRIBUNE
BY ORDER OF THE PROFESSOR OF JOURNALISM.
DEMOCRATIC TUNES
DOWN WITH THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.
REPUBLICAN FRAUDS AT THE POLLS.
STUFFING BALLOT BOXES
COUNTED OUT BY REPUBLICANS
DEMOCRATIC T
DOWN WITH THE REPUBLICA
CAN FOR PRESIDE
THE DEMOCRATS ARE ALL HONEST
COMPOSED BY THE N.Y. WORLD
THE TAMMANY RING HAS REFORMED
THEY ARE ALL HONEST
DIXIE
BONNY BLUE
THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IS CORRUPT
Th. Nast.

THE SAME TUNES BY ANOTHER FIDDLE WILL SOUND AS SWEET.

IT IS TOO BAD TO HAVE THE NEW YORK *WORLD* PLAY SECOND FIDDLE TO ITS OWN FAVORITE TUNES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1872.

☞ WITH this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY our readers will receive a gratuitous EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a most fascinating novelette, entitled

"A GIRL'S ROMANCE,"

written expressly for this paper by Mr. F. W. ROBINSON, author of "True to Herself," "Stern Necessity," "For Her Sake," and other popular works. This story, which our readers will find to be one of the most charming bits of romance in the English language, is given COMPLETE in the Supplement, and is the first of a series of short, complete novelettes which, from time to time, we shall lay before our readers in the same form.

Charles Reade.
Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE *is commenced a* NEW NOVEL *by* CHARLES READE, *entitled* "A SIMPLETON: A STORY OF THE DAY."

A new novel by WILKIE COLLINS, *entitled* "THE NEW MAGDALEN," *will be commenced in the October Number of the* MAGAZINE.

☞ *New Subscribers will be supplied with* HARPER'S MAGAZINE *from the commencement of* CHARLES READE'S *story, in the August Number,* 1872, *to the close of the Volume ending with November,* 1873—*making* SIXTEEN NUMBERS—FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

SENATOR TRUMBULL AND THE REVENUE.

WE understand that Senator TRUMBULL is constantly repeating in his speeches in Illinois and elsewhere a statement that twenty-five per cent. of the revenues of the government, or, as he expresses it in figures, more than ninety-five millions of dollars, are annually lost through the corruption and incompetence of the Administration. And this assertion he justifies by an extract from the report of the Civil Service Commission of December 18, 1871.

Senator TRUMBULL made the same allegation in the Senate last winter, and, if we are not mistaken, was promptly informed of the exact scope and grounds of the statement made by the commission. But as an apparently strong point can be made against the Administration by declaring that its own friends bring this charge of loss, the Senator does not hesitate to repeat constantly what it is hardly possible that he believes to be true: nor do we learn that he has any where stated that he believes it to be true.

The facts are these:

The report of the commission in discussing the tendency and character of the evil practice of the civil service which began with General JACKSON and his "spoils" principle, and which is ardently supported by many active politicians of all parties, presents in detail the various mischiefs which result from it. Among the considerations which the report presents is the want of economy in such a system. But it does not assume that this can be precisely stated, nor does it make any assertion of its own. What the report does say is this:

> "It is not easy to compute in figures the exact economical difference between a good and a bad system of the civil service. It is necessarily a matter of inference and of comparison between the probable operation of a careless and a careful method. But it is calculated by those who have made a careful study of the facts that one-fourth of the revenue of the United States is annually lost in the collection, and for a large part of that loss a system of the service which is fatally unsound may reasonably be held responsible."

It will be observed that the commission do not say that a fourth of the revenue is lost. What they do say is that of a loss which careful students compute to be one-fourth a large part may be justly attributed to an evil system of the civil service, which they had already stated not to be peculiar to the Republican party nor to this Administration, but which this Administration, first of all, was endeavoring to reform, as the mere fact of the report itself showed. It is to be regretted that in their desire to make their report as concise as practicable the commission failed to explain this statement more in detail. They were intent only upon showing the bad results of a system which extended over a period of forty years, and which had been adopted by every Administration of all parties—results which, had it been their object to make a partisan pamphlet, they would have shown had been vigorously corrected under the Administration of General GRANT.

Had they foreseen that for the merest partisan purpose a Senator of the United States would pervert to the injury of one Administration a remark which was less true of it than of most others, they would have prevented the intended injury by a more ample statement. The computations to which the report refers were made during the administration of ANDREW JOHNSON. In January, 1866, the commission for the revision of the revenue laws stated:

> "Of the officers employed in the New York Custom-house it is believed that a majority of them have no special qualification for their places, and little knowledge of the law under which they discharge their duties, while the estimates presented to the commission of the annual losses experienced by the government through the frauds perpetrated in connection with this institution range from $12,000,000 to $25,000,000. ....In regard to the Internal Revenue Department, the commission have no allegation of fraud to present, but at the same time are constrained to say that in point of organization it is very far from what it should be. In proof of this they have but to cite the opinion of the late commissioner, before referred to, concurred in by the commission, that if the law as it now stands could be fully and effectually executed, the receipts from it would not fall short of $500,000,000 per annum; or, in other words, that a complete administration of the law would justify wiping out more than one-half of the excise tax from the statute-book."

The Special Commissioner of the Revenue for the year 1868 says:

> "But in addition to whatever of surplus may accrue to the National Treasury through the agencies above cited, a very large amount of receipts can also undoubtedly be secured by means of a thorough and effective reform of the administration of the internal revenue. It is useless here to enter into any discussion as to the extent of the losses to which the government is annually subjected through the positive dishonesty or gross inefficiency of great numbers of the subordinate officials intrusted with the management of this branch of the public service, but that such losses are very great no one who has given the subject attention can have the slightest reason to doubt. Assuming $155,000,000 as the annual average of receipts from internal revenue as the law and its administration now stand, the commissioner believes that an increase of $75,000,000 in the receipts as a minimum could be obtained without any practical difficulty."

And Mr. JENCKES, alluding to such and similar investigations, said, in the House of Representatives on the 5th of April, 1869:

> "It has been demonstrated over and over again that our tax and tariff laws call for $400,000,000 of revenue annually, and that but $300,000,000 reach the Treasury."

The loss which is described in these extracts was indirect as well as direct. It arose from the evasion of the law either through official connivance or inefficiency. It was not a loss of money actually collected and stolen on the way to the Treasury, which is Mr. TRUMBULL'S assertion, but of money that under the law was due but never collected. The loss was undoubtedly due in some degree to the high rate of taxation, which heightened the amount of bribes, and thus severely tempted official integrity. But appointment by patronage is not careful to ascertain integrity, and the report of the Civil Service Commission therefore says, "For a large part of that loss a system of the service which is fatally unsound may reasonably be held responsible." And thereupon Senator TRUMBULL publicly declares that the friends of General GRANT confess that a quarter of the public revenue is stolen every year, and that it is the result of a corrupt administration of the laws by the present authorities at Washington! Are the rest of Senator TRUMBULL'S arguments and assertions of the same character? And will any one who has heard the Senator make this statement inform us whether he declared his own belief in what he was trying to make his hearers believe? Under ANDREW JOHNSON, when these computations were made, the evils of the patronage system of the civil service culminated. They were so gross and enormous that public attention was aroused, and the necessity of a reform became apparent. The report properly selects the worst condition of the service as a forcible illustration of the mischiefs of the system, but it is now evident that it should have stated at what time the investigations were made.

For under General GRANT the practical reform in the honesty and economy of administration has been enormous. The ratio of loss, direct or indirect, has been conspicuously diminished. After a reduction in the tariff of nearly $30,000,000 a year, GRANT'S first two years showed a gain of $55,000,000 over the last two of JOHNSON. The aggregate annual reduction of taxes under GRANT has been $135,000,000 or $136,000,000, yet his administration last year paid into the Treasury $85,000,000 more than in the last year of JOHNSON. JOHNSON'S administration paid about $13,000,000 of the public debt. GRANT'S had paid on the 1st of July, 1872, $334,000,000. It has reduced the debt at the rate of $8,349,423 per month. Such facts prove beyond dispute the honesty and economy of the financial administration of General GRANT, and they disprove conclusively the wild assertion that corruption of every kind now holds high carnival. They establish the perfect good faith of the President in declaring that he wishes a reform of the civil service. For not only is it practically reformed by the greater efficiency and honesty shown by the facts, but the President aims at such a reform of the system itself as will tend to secure efficiency and honesty always and under every Administration.

With this explanation, it is impossible that Senator TRUMBULL can longer repeat the assertion that General GRANT'S friends confess that a quarter of the revenue is annually lost owing to the corruption of the Administration. Less than a year ago the Senator exhorted the people of Illinois to sustain the Republican party because under its administration "economy has been introduced into the public service." He must have known what he was saying. He did not think then that the civil officers stole a quarter of the revenue. And if he would deal candidly with the Administration and its friends, he will, whenever he refers to the subject again, quote the words of the report, and state that the calculations to which it alludes as showing a loss of revenue were made under the administration of ANDREW JOHNSON, and that they could not be truthfully made under that of General GRANT.

BREAKING THE RING.

THE removal of Judge BARNARD, and his disqualification from every office of trust, honor, and profit in this State hereafter, with the enforced retirement of CARDOZO, show the people of this State and of the country not only the virtue and the will to reform abuses, but they also remind us of the immense perils which the State and country have escaped. We have more than once described the situation in the city of New York under the hand of the Tammany Ring, which was simply a gang of thieves which held the lives, liberties, and property of the people in their power. The thieves shrewdly and unscrupulously pursued their plans. First of all they made themselves rich, and then began to use money as the sole instrument of progress and extension of power. They were without principle, without character, without education, without refinement, without any other talent than that which is essential in every successful band of banditti. They had lawyers who supplied the law, that they might always wear a mask of apparent legality, and with a certain coarse knowledge of men, they bribed and bullied their way to the success they sought.

The rule of the Ring was a despotism as mean and brutal as that of LOPEZ in Paraguay, and only less in degree. It "owned" the Legislature, and controlled the Governor whom it had elected. The captain of banditti had luxurious rooms in Albany during the session, and it is amazing to reflect what men condescended to go to those rooms to secure by the mere act of compliance the passage of proper laws. The enormity and peril of the situation were smothered from view under a vulgar good humor which sneered at every thing but hard money and a gross success. The Ring ruled the city by terror and by corruption. Counting upon the general political indifference or disgust of the citizens, it sought to make a show of improvement and of giving something in return for the money it stole. If any man or any paper became conspicuous and formidable in opposition, the Ring tried first to buy, then to coerce. The details of such efforts are curious and most instructive; and that the terror might be absolute and their sway assured, they hired judges upon the bench, so that the very fountains of public security were poisoned, and the last peaceful resource of good citizens was taken away.

Three facts in this extraordinary and shameful history will always remain as evidence of the character and completeness of the Ring rule. Its chief ostentatiously gave in charity, as a largess to the poor, fifty thousand of the dollars which had been stolen from the tax-payers, and this bald, bold proof of contempt for public decency, instead of being exposed at once as a sign of extreme public peril, was praised or slurred over, and thought, upon the whole, to show a good heart. Then he celebrated the nuptials of his daughter by publishing a list of those who had given presents, as a Roman general was attended by his captives in his triumph. That terrible list held the names of those who were afraid not to buy his favor. It can not be destroyed. It was printed in the newspapers. Let us hope that no child hereafter may find upon it his father's name. And finally, that nothing might be wanting to the glory of infamy, it was proposed that a statue should be raised to the "Boss of the Ring," to the captain of banditti; and the names of the citizens of New York who subscribed to it are also pitilessly printed and to be read of all men.

These facts show how deep was the demoralization which had been produced by the Ring, and how abject was the public prostration before it. Its further plans were known. It had mastered the Democratic party in New York. Its organization was the most complete and powerful ever known in our politics. It had the prestige of invincible success, and it proposed to control the entire Democratic party, and through that the country. In the Convention it meant to offer all the money needed for the campaign and the State of New York, if its candidate should be nominated. Indeed, there seemed to be no peaceful escape from the yoke to which New York was subject. But the overthrow of the Tammany Ring was one of the most sudden, peaceful, and surprising events in our history; and the removal of Judge BARNARD and his disqualification by an almost unanimous vote of the Senate—thirty-three ayes (including the judges of appeals) and two nays—is the rigorous continuation of the work.

The whole New York reform thus far is most fortunate and significant. That it is not exclusively partisan is the more creditable to American character. Yet it can not be forgotten that the Ring was the growth of one party, although it included some few agents who for the purposes of the Ring professed to be of the other. Nor can any candid citizen forget that, however disreputable some supporters of the President may be, the most notorious of the Ring leaders and followers instantly and instinctively attached themselves to the movement at Cincinnati from which we are solemnly taught to expect "reform."

THE SPOILS OF CINCINNATI.

WE spoke last week of the exquisite comedy of Mr. SCHURZ'S letter to Mr. GREELEY, the candidate of civil service reform, as he is facetiously called, asking if it were true that he was habitually surrounded by disreputable politicians, and how the problem of the reform presented itself to his mind. Mr. GREELEY replied in effect that he would be a one-term President, that one-term Presidents had no temptation to make bad appointments, and consequently that he should make good ones. This reply seems to have satisfied Mr. SCHURZ, although it is not easy to see why. For it is a mere assumption that the desire of re-election is the only or the chief temptation to the abuse of the appointing power. But what must Mr. SCHURZ have thought upon reading the only carefully prepared speech which his candidate has made in the campaign, and which plainly states the worst doctrine of the spoils system?

Mr. GREELEY'S words are these, and we invite all thoughtful men who understand the evils and difficulties of the present system to consider them carefully:

> "In two or three instances I have been asked to say whether I would or would not, if elected, confine my appointments to Republicans. I answer these by pointing to that plank of the Cincinnati platform wherein all who concur in the principles therein set forth are cordially invited to participate in their establishment and vindication. I never yet heard of a man who invited his neighbors to help him raise a house, and proceeded to kick them out of it so soon as the roof was fairly over his head. For my own part, I recognize every honest man who approves and adheres to the Cincinnati platform as my political brother, and, as such, fully entitled to my confidence and friendly regard."

This is merely a dextrous statement of the old and familiar and fatal doctrine, which is the very root of the evil in the civil service, that to the "victor belong the spoils of the enemy." It has gained in prolixity since Mr. MARCY first announced it, but it has not changed its character. Mr. GREELEY, speaking to an audience of which a very large part was composed of Democrats, says that he expects to be elected by the combined votes of Democrats and Republicans, and that all those who adhere to the Cincinnati platform and the Cincinnati candidates, whatever they may have been before, may expect to share in the distribution of offices. The Democrats who vote for me, says Mr. GREELEY in substance, will be treated in this matter quite as well as the Republicans. That was a skillful bid for votes in Maine; for, as one of the warm advocates of Mr. GREELEY just returned from that State says that ninety-nine per cent. of the Democrats and twenty-five per cent. of the Republicans will vote for GREELEY and BROWN, the Democratic chances for office will be as four to one. But in the Southern States, where the ratio of the Democratic vote will be so much greater than elsewhere in the country, there will be a universal reform of Republicans out of office and Democrats in.

We ask any man in the country who understands and would correct the evils of our present civil service system whether he thinks that one method of correction is the election of a candidate who elaborately declares that to the victor belong the spoils? Mr. GREELEY does not say that if he should be elected, and a vacancy in an office should occur, he would fill it by the person who was found to be most qualified, but he says that he "never heard of a man who invited his neighbors to help him raise a house, and proceeded to kick them out of it so soon as the roof was fairly over his head." The fact that they helped him to raise the roof is enough. The laborer is worthy of his hire. A vote for Greeley is a valid claim for office. Now the Cincinnati platform declares that "honesty, capacity, and fidelity constitute the only valid claim to public employment." Could there be a more amusing comment upon the Cincinnati platform than this speech of the Cincinnati candidate? Moreover, if it had been General Grant who had used the metaphor of raising a roof over his head, how unanimously and vociferously the more ardent of our Greeley friends would have exclaimed, "What! does he really think that the Presidency is his property, so that he speaks of it as a house, and of his election as of raising a roof over his head?"

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The New York Republican Convention, with entire unanimity and enthusiasm, nominated General Dix for Governor and General Robinson for Lieutenant-Governor. The character and ability of the latter gentleman, with his proved patriotism in the field, of which he bears a perpetual and honorable sign, commend him to the confidence of the State. He is entirely free, so far as we are aware, from any stain or suspicion of complicity with rings. We mention him first, because General Dix is so well known that his name needs no introduction. A Democrat until the beginning of the war, he then stood fast for the Union in Buchanan's cabinet, and by his famous phrase, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot," he became known to every body in the land. Since then he has acted with the Republicans, voting for Mr. Lincoln in 1864 and supporting General Grant in 1868. He is a man of spotless character, and although old, he will have in his associate a most trusty lieutenant.

Frederick Douglass heads the list of electors at large. It is a most fitting expression of the general confidence and respect which the Republican party feel in him and for his services. Mr. Emil Sauer is the representative of the German vote. We hear only what is good of Mr. Sauer, but we doubt the wisdom of such distinction of European nationalities among American citizens. General Stewart L. Woodford, the gallant candidate for Governor two years ago, is very properly honored with the remaining position among the electors at large, and the manner in which he was selected shows how warm is the feeling of the party for him.

The platform is good, but too long. A few strong statements make the best platform. But every body knows—or soon will know—what the real issue of this campaign is, and that Dix and Robinson, with Grant and Wilson, are the standard-bearers of the good old cause.

MORE CONVERSION.

The Democratic party in Georgia is the most compact, disciplined, and effective division of that party in the Southern States. Its papers head their editorial page with the "National Democratic Ticket" of Greeley and Brown, and they are animated with precisely the same hope and the same spirit as when they sustained Seymour and Blair in 1868. The Democratic Convention, as we have already mentioned, declined to make any other alliance with the "Liberal Republicans" than that of granting them permission to vote for the Democratic electors, and it would not accept any other than unquestioned Democrats upon that ticket. Governor Brown was the spokesman of the "Liberal Republicans," but even Governor Brown was not acceptable. The Governor's conduct during the rebellion had been a little suspicious. He had been inclined, in a conspiracy professedly based upon State sovereignty, to assert the sovereignty of his State. The Democratic party of Georgia does not recognize such conduct as politically orthodox. It maintains unimpaired all the sacred traditions.

It is with these partisans that we are invited to clasp hands to secure a millennium of peace and harmony and common joy. Mr. Sumner says that we may safely do it. He assures us that, having nominated Mr. Greeley, nothing more can be asked of them. Conversion is evident. If Republicans wish to have real peace, they will vote with the Democratic party of Georgia, he tells us in effect. If the colored citizens would be sure of every right, they will intrust the government to the penitent Democrats of Georgia and of the rest of the country, who became Republicans at one o'clock on the 10th day of July last past, or Mr. Sumner is mistaken. But such unconscious converts were never known. Here in the Northern States the most reputable and eminent Democrats deny any conversion whatever, and in the Southern States the Democratic party is absolutely unchanged, except that it is hoping that its trick will succeed.

That the action of the Democratic Convention of Georgia represented the real spirit and tendency of the party there is constant proof in all the party papers. Thus in one of the country journals of that State we read an article upon Mr. Sumner's letter, of which it says, in general, that "his conclusion is correct, notwithstanding his mode of reaching it is erroneous." It then proceeds:

> "Mr. Sumner makes a very broad mistake when he insinuates that although Greeley may be elected, and owe his election to the Democratic party, still the members of that party will in no manner control his Administration. Sumner admits Greeley may take Democrats into his Administration, but they will be taken as Republicans at heart. It is idle to suppose that Greeley can or will reject the counsels of those by whose votes he was elected, or that Democrats will cease to be Democrats in any sense of the word because they have voted for Greeley. Far from it. The Democratic party will after the election reassemble its cohorts, claim a voice in shaping the character of Greeley's Administration, and by virtue of their former support and strength of numbers compel a recognition of this important right. Greeley, in the event of his election, will be forced to rely upon the Democratic party to support the measures of his Administration, and such support will not be extended unless these measures are in accord with Democratic principles."

So say the Democrats of Georgia; so say you all, gentlemen of the Democratic party. This is conversion. The Georgia Democrats are now, Mr. Sumner says, Republicans by the same tenure with the rest of us. In his letter to the colored men he says, "The present position of the colored citizen is in peril." His elaborate and admirable speech last winter in the Senate in support of the Civil Rights bill, which was defeated by the Democrats, proves it. But, he says, "trust yourselves to the Democrats. They are now really Republicans at heart; and as for Mr. Greeley, is he not the blandest and most benevolent of men?" With his present feelings, this reasoning, or assertion, may satisfy Mr. Sumner. But would it satisfy us if we were colored citizens? Ought it to satisfy those who would have beyond question the peace that can spring alone from the absolute maintenance of equal rights?

In another column of the same paper from which we have quoted we find some comments upon the expulsion of a colored man from a street car in Savannah, which occurred, we believe, on the very day that Mr. Sumner wrote his unhappy letter. After a ribald account of the event, the article concludes:

> "We rejoice at this decision, for it teaches the negro to be content to ride with his own race; that if he seeks to force himself upon the whites, he is a trespasser, and if cast into mud-holes, kicked, knocked, or beaten, he has no one to blame but himself. Every time he attempts to rise above his level the application of a well-seasoned hickory, or baptism in mud and water, will rid him of future desires to force himself where he is not wanted."

No one who knows human nature, or who carefully acquaints himself with the actual condition of Southern feeling at the present time, doubts that this extract fairly expresses it. Yet it is of necessity as mild and inoffensive as it can make itself, because it is playing its last desperate card for power. Is this "conversion?" Is this to be "Republican at heart?" Is this the spirit to which the national administration and the peace and harmony of the country can wisely be intrusted?

PERSONAL.

On the authority of the *Gazzetta d' Italia*, of Florence, it is now stated that the most likely successor to the present Pope is Cardinal Antonio Maria Panebianco, of the order of Jesuits. He is a Sicilian, sixty-four years old, and was made a cardinal in 1861. He is said to have made a vow that he would restore that order to its former greatness; and this is said to be the great object of his life. He is the intimate friend of Father Beckx, the general of the order, but, like his model, Sixtus V., he is excessively reserved, carefully concealing from every one his intentions for the future. He praises the Syllabus, and defends the principle of infallibility with extraordinary skill and theological knowledge. As for Pius IX., he has thoroughly believed in the cardinal since a young Italian girl prophesied some twenty years ago that the next Pope would be a monk of the order of St. Francis. "Mystical," concludes the *Gazzetta*, "as Savonarola, Panebianco is the slave of a medieval Utopia which moves him to revive the church of the thirteenth century; and the Society of Jesus, which does not believe in mysticism, regards him with anxiety, not quite knowing whether he is a friend or an enemy."

—After Edward Gibbon entered Parliament he scarcely said any thing during the first eight sessions. It was the very success of his pen that discouraged the trial of his voice, and he has told us that pride fortified his timidity. "I am still a mute," he writes to a friend. "It is more tremendous than I imagined. The great speakers fill me with despair; the bad ones with terror." He found the intercourse that came of his Parliamentary occupation beneficial. "I never found my mind more vigorous," he tells us in his autobiography, "nor my composition more happy, than in the winter hurry of society and Parliament."

—The Italians, Hawthorne relates, 1858, in his Note-Book, universally believe in the influence of the evil-eye. The evil influence is supposed not to be dependent on the will of the possessor of the evil-eye; on the contrary, the persons he wishes well are the very ones to suffer from it. It is oftener found in monks than in any other class of people; and on meeting a monk and encountering his eye an Italian usually makes a defensive sign by putting both hands behind him, with the forefingers and the little fingers extended, although it is a controverted point whether it be not more efficacious to extend the hand with its outspread fingers toward the suspected person. Pio Nono, perhaps as being the chief of all monks and other religious people, is supposed to have an evil-eye of tenfold malignancy, and its effect has been seen in the ruin of all the schemes for the public good so soon as they are favored by him. When a pillar was to be raised in commemoration of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the people of Rome refused to be present unless the Pope promised not to interfere. He consented; but one day he came to witness its progress, and on that day a man was killed. Lord Clifford came to Rome to visit the Pope, who, however, was indisposed and could only send him his blessing. People shook their heads—they knew it would go ill with the poor lord; and the very next day he died. Hawthorne suggested that the Pope had better take the Scriptural injunction literally, and bless only his enemies. It certainly seems as if his evil-eye had exerted all its malignancy in the affairs of his disordered church.

—William Pitt's first speech was made in 1781, on Burke's bill for the reduction of the civil list. Lord North, Fox, and other great Parliamentary leaders were enthusiastic in his praise, Fox confessing that Chatham lived again in his son. The deportment, ease, readiness, harmonious voice of the elder Pitt were all manifested in the son. Burke said, "He is not a chip of the old block; it is the old block itself!"

—There is to be an imperial junketing at Berlin. The Emperors of Russia and Austria are about to pay a visit to the Emperor of Germany. The Czar will be accompanied by his heir and Prince Gortschakoff, and the Emperor of Austria by his Chancellor and Count Andrassy. Various rumors are in circulation as to the prominent objects of this gathering; but it seems to be admitted that the affairs of the Pope will be among those chiefly to be considered.

—The Rev. Dr. Cuyler, who called lately on Carlyle, writes that that pugnacious philosopher is very unhappy over the decay of England —a country which, he says, has "gone down into an abominable and damnable cess-pool of lies and shoddies and shams."

—Of a clergyman in good repute an Illinois newspaper man indulges in this alliterative statement: "Parson Palmer, of Padola, is the proprietor of a pen of pigs. These pigs escaped and persecuted a peaceable neighbor named Piper. Piper persecuted them on his premises with dog, and punished Palmer's boy. The parson paid his respects to Piper, prating of a perspective prosecution, and was in turn pounded to pulp by the precipitate Piper. The penitent Piper at present pines in prison."

—Of the personal history of the Mikado of Japan the Japanese *Herald* says: "He was born in 1852, assumed the title of prince in 1860, ascended the throne in 1868. It is claimed that his pedigree can be traced back 122 generations, extending over a period of 2000 years, which, if true, makes the Japanese dynasty the oldest in the world, and just double the age of the British kingdom."

—Commodore Vanderbilt, it is said, intends to give $100,000 to the New York Ophthalmic Hospital, built by Mrs. Henry Keep as a memorial to her husband, the Commodore's gift to be known as the Vanderbilt Fund for the poor.

—Charles Morgan, Esq., one of the true merchant princes of this city, having just built and endowed, at a cost of $110,000, the Morgan School at Clinton, Connecticut, the place of his nativity, has authorized Secretary Northrup, of Connecticut, to procure a life-size bronze statue of Abraham Pierson for the grounds of Yale College, and a copy of the same for the grounds of the Morgan School. Pierson was the first president of Yale, and the first class graduated from the college was taught by him in what is now the town of Clinton.

—Mr. Nicholas Trübner, an eminent publisher of London, has recently received from the Grand Duke of Baden the honor of knighthood. Mr. T. is an accomplished scholar, and has a reputation for thorough acquaintance with the Oriental languages.

—It is understood that great "style" will be imparted to the French legation at Washington under the mission of the Marquis de Noailles.

—Sir John Herschel is to have a memorial window in the parish church of Hawkshurst. The subject represented will be the wise men of the East following the guiding star to the place of nativity.

—The Japanese potentate expects to fight somebody somewhere. Not only is he bringing his army into shape, but he will soon have a squadron of six iron-clads with which to inconvenience the foe.

—Mr. Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, is one of those suggestive men. His last is that if the weather does not grow cooler very soon, Mr. Fahrenheit, in justice to his patrons, should at once add a second story, with a Mansard-roof, to his thermometer.

—The Rev. James Martineau, of London, has been made the recipient of $25,000 by numerous friends in England, "in grateful acknowledgment of his services in the maintenance of spiritual freedom, in the promotion of Christian truth, and in the inculcation of that pure morality which is the foundation of private and public virtue, and the safeguard of national liberty." A handsome gift, certainly; but we have done twice as well as that in New York. When the Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson retired from the pastorship of the Broadway Tabernacle, his friends made up for him a purse of $50,000, on the interest of which he can live like a parson and a gentleman the rest of his days. He is now indulging his fine talent for repose in Germany.

—Ex-President Fillmore is becoming a wag. The other day he attended the celebration of opening the Buffalo, New York, and Philadelphia Railroad at Olean, and tipped them a little speech, in which he said that many years ago the latter town was deemed the jumping-off place of civilization, and that "when men wished utterly to escape from their creditors, they made for Olean Point!"

—Bass & Co., the British brewers, paid last year to the Midland Railway, for transporting beer, $700,000. "To what Bass uses" railways "may return!"

—Literary men longevitize famously. Carlyle, Darwin, and Sir Charles Lyell are over seventy, and Sir Roderick Murchison died recently in full harness, and at a very advanced age.

—Our American artist William Bradford is in high feather with the royalty and aristocracy of England. He has been to Osborne to lunch with the Queen and take an order from her; has an order also from the Princess Louise; received a long call at his hotel from the Marquis of Lorne; breakfasted with the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, and is "hand and glove" with the literary, political, and social notables of the realm. Mr. Bradford's is the first royal commission given to an American painter since the days of Benjamin West.

—Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the Washington banker, whose later years and wealth seem to be mainly devoted to works of philanthropy, has just sold his fine country-seat, Harewood, for $225,000, and this sum he proposes to bestow upon the art gallery which bears his name.

—The Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, has been longer continuously in one parish than any other Unitarian clergyman in the United States. He was settled in 1825. The Rev. Dr. William Shelton, of Buffalo, is one of the oldest rectors in the United States, having been inducted into St. Paul's Church over forty years ago.

—Thiers as an orator is thus described by an American gentleman, who is a judge of the article: "He ascends the tribune and waits patiently, his hands on the railing, till the house is still. His black frock-coat is always buttoned to the chin. After a few minutes of commotion the Assembly becomes quiet, when his 'Messieurs,' pronounced in his diminutive voice, as if by magic secures the attention of his entire audience. This voice is one of the most remarkable phenomena the tribune has ever offered. It is impossible to tell where it comes from—it is so thin, small, and soft. It may be likened unto drops of water that fall regularly on a stone, the noise of which is imperceptible at first, but soon makes itself heard by constant repetition. With this extreme smallness of volume the instrument is untiring. For hours the orator draws from its sounds, not a note of which is lost by any of the listeners. It neither becomes stronger nor weaker, nor does it vary its cadences. There he stands at the other end of the hall, and seems to *parler à l'oreille* (speak in your ear). Every auditor experiences the sensation. And curiosity is all the more awakened by the peculiarities of the speaker's manner. If his gestures are not noble and commanding, they are, on the other hand, not vulgar: they are familiar. The low stature of the orator, his short arms, plump figure, malicious expression, thin voice, and spectacles are appropriate to a familiar style; and as he usually talks in a chatty way, he ordinarily preserves the quiet attitude of a person in conversation; but when he defies an adversary he crosses his arms over his breast, moves his head energetically, and his face assumes the expression of an enraged osprey. At such times he displays an energy and a vigor that are truly surprising. If he discusses a question, he walks to and fro, and saws the air in every direction, his eyes flash, his features change expression continually, and the tones of his voice become alternately tender and menacing, modest and arrogant."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A party of burglars broke into the Third National Bank of Baltimore on the night of Sunday, August 18, and robbed the vaults, it is said, of a quarter of a million of dollars, seventy thousand of which belonged to the bank.

The boll-worm is doing serious damage in Northern Mississippi.

Judge George G. Barnard, of the Supreme Court of New York, was removed from office, with disqualification, by the High Court of Impeachment, August 19. The charges against him of maladministration were nearly all declared proven, and the vote of removal was unanimous, albeit two of the members voted against future disqualification.

The New York State Republican Convention met in Utica August 21, and nominated for Governor General John A. Dix, and for Lieutenant-Governor General John C. Robinson. The platform adopted was strong in its indorsement of Grant and Wilson.

The Republican State Conventions of Connecticut and Georgia met August 21, and nominated Presidential electors and State officers.

Governor Hoffman and Chief Justice Church have both declined to have their names used before the coming Democratic State Convention for the leading place on the ticket.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The riots in the city of Belfast still continue, in spite of the best efforts of the soldiers and police to quell them. The London newspapers say that the military were engaged every hour in fighting the mobs, and that stones and other missiles fell upon the soldiers like an incessant storm of hail. The magistrates, unable to control affairs, have petitioned the Lord-Lieutenant to place the city under the operation of the Peace Preservation act.

In Dublin, Ireland, large numbers of the poor are suffering for want of bread, in consequence of a strike of the journeymen bakers for higher wages. At last accounts the mobs, composed chiefly of women, threatened the shops.

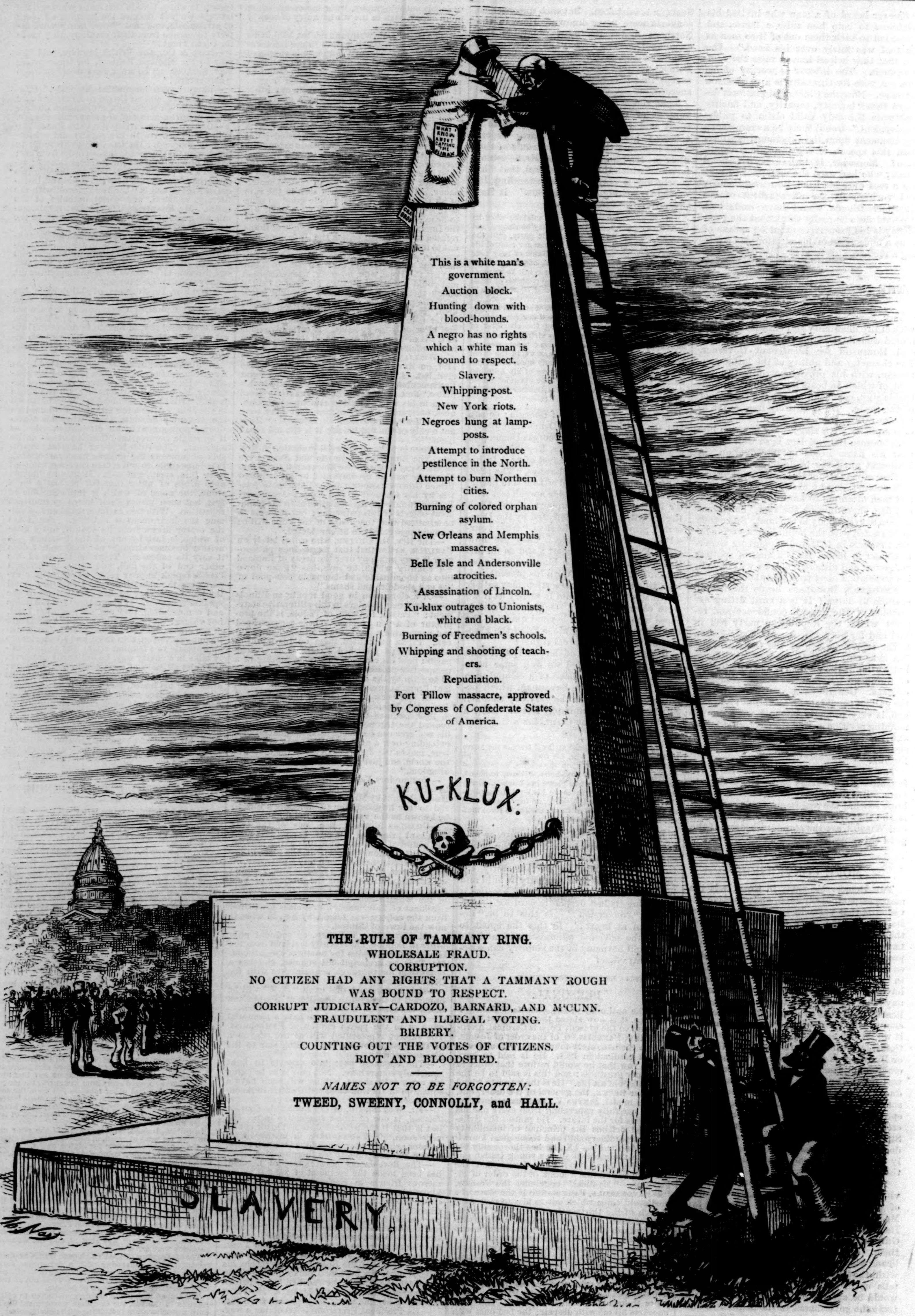
The early closing of the public-houses in Leicester, Maidstone, Exeter, and other English towns, under the provisions of the new licensing act, has caused serious disturbances among the people.

It is rumored in Madrid that the ministers and the high officials have received warning of a prospective outbreak to be attempted by the partisans of the ex-Queen Isabella. Dispatches from Pampeluna report a disturbance there, August 17, between the Carlists and liberals. The mayor was shot at, and the would-be assassins were arrested.

The ex-Emperor of the French gave it as his opinion recently, while conversing with a newspaper correspondent, that the approaching meeting of the Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia was not an indication of danger to the peace of Europe.

The Cuban insurgents having undertaken to gather recruits in Canada, the Canadian government has issued a proclamation forbidding such enlistments.

The International Statistical Congress was opened at the Russian capital, August 22, by the Grand Duke Constantine.


WHAT I KNOW ABOUT CAPPING THE CLIMAX
GRA BROW
This is a white man's government.
Auction block.
Hunting down with blood-hounds.
A negro has no rights which a white man is bound to respect.
Slavery.
Whipping-post.
New York riots.
Negroes hung at lamp-posts.
Attempt to introduce pestilence in the North.
Attempt to burn Northern cities.
Burning of colored orphan asylum.
New Orleans and Memphis massacres.
Belle Isle and Andersonville atrocities.
Assassination of Lincoln.
Ku-klux outrages to Unionists, white and black.
Burning of Freedmen's schools.
Whipping and shooting of teachers.
Repudiation.
Fort Pillow massacre, approved by Congress of Confederate States of America.
KU-KLUX.
THE RULE OF TAMMANY RING.
WHOLESALE FRAUD.
CORRUPTION.
NO CITIZEN HAD ANY RIGHTS THAT A TAMMANY ROUGH WAS BOUND TO RESPECT.
CORRUPT JUDICIARY—CARDOZO, BARNARD, AND McCUNN.
FRAUDULENT AND ILLEGAL VOTING.
BRIBERY.
COUNTING OUT THE VOTES OF CITIZENS.
RIOT AND BLOODSHED.
NAMES NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN:
TWEED, SWEENY, CONNOLLY, and HALL.
SLAVERY.
Th. Nast

THE WHITED SEPULCHRE.

COVERING THE MONUMENT OF INFAMY WITH HIS WHITE HAT AND COAT.

MR. CARL SCHURZ AND HIS VICTIMS.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

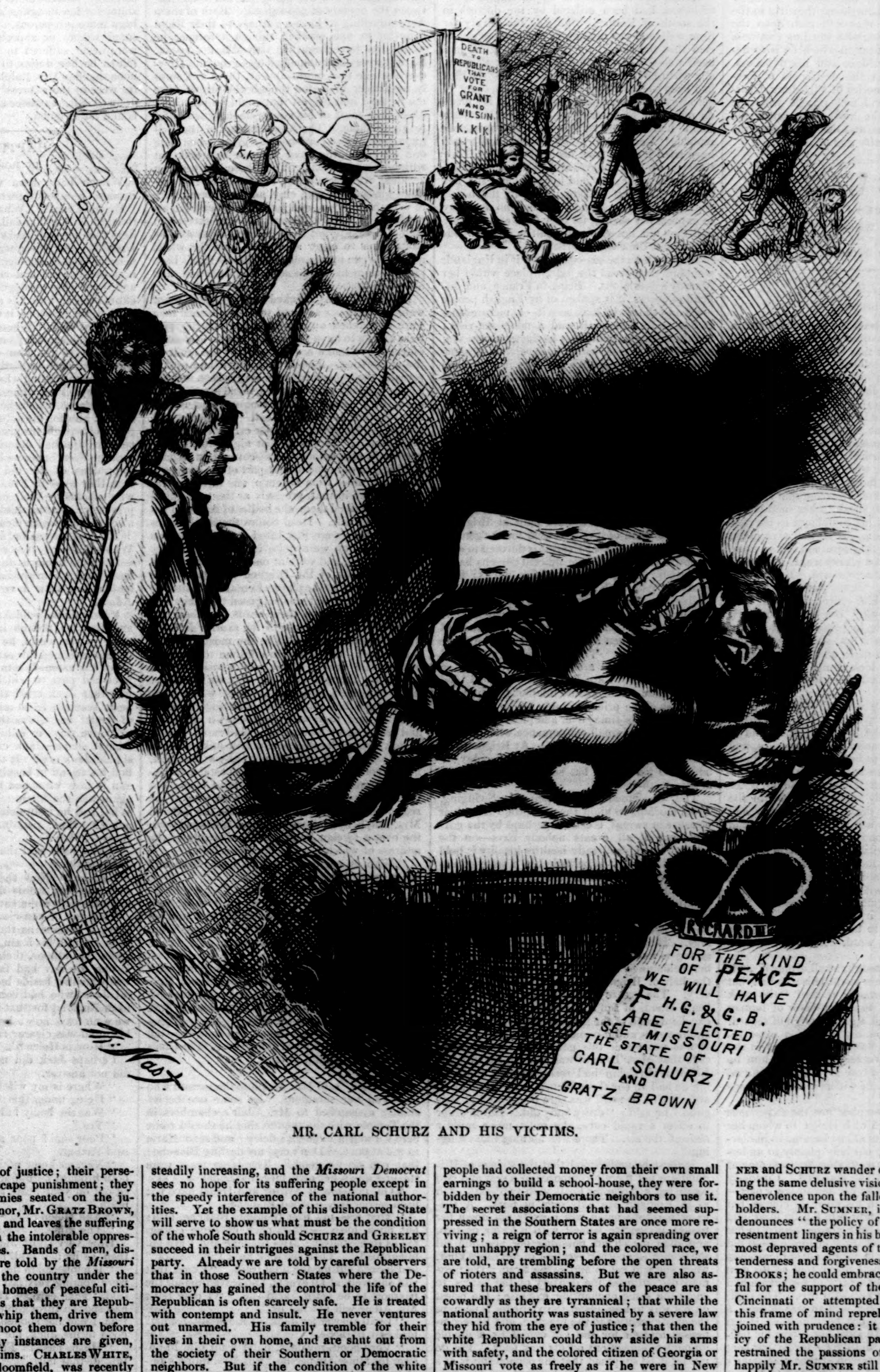
Mr. Carl Schurz wanders over the country repeating his disturbed vision of peace. His speeches have but a single idea. He lives in some unpractical region that resembles Utopia rather than any earthly territory, except that it abounds in hidden malice, and is torn by envious discontent. Among all his flowing and mystic periods it is difficult to discover any train of reasoning or to extract any plan of action. His only serious inculcation is that the time has come for "new issues"—that the war is past. But this is a truth which the Republican party has acknowledged for seven years, and upon which all its recent policy has been founded. No sooner had Lee surrendered than it began its course of reconciliation and of peace. It pardoned the rebels; it inflicted no punishment upon the worst criminals of the war; it slowly secured the rights of the colored race, yet it treated their former masters with singular lenity; it reduced taxation, secured economy, and punished every defaulting official; it gave rest and progress to the rebellious States. Under its prudent rule, wherever the evil passions of the former slave-holders have not interfered, it has already raised the South to unexampled prosperity. The small farms, we are told by a recent English traveler, are multiplying; the cotton is of a quality finer than was ever cultivated by the slave; the common school, more valuable than material wealth, is spreading over the Southern States—the gift of the Republican party: nor is there one of the "new issues," which Mr. Schurz imperfectly suggests, but which have long been familiar to wiser and more cultivated thinkers, that has not been carefully studied and provided for in the Republican policy.

All this Mr. Schurz dreamily overlooks. His "song is all a lamentable lay." His sympathy is all expended upon the fallen slave-holders; his only policy is to restore them to that control of the nation which they once held, and which they so fatally abused. This seems to be his only conception of a perfect peace; yet of the disastrous effects of this unpatriotic policy we have so clear an instance in the condition of his own State as may well excite the alarm and the indignation of every friend of freedom. It is scarcely a year since Missouri, by the intrigues of Mr. Schurz and his allies, was placed in the hands of the men who had once wasted it with fire and sword, and the condition of the loyal population of that important State is already so terrible as to demand the immediate interference of the general government. Outrages are perpetrated with impunity upon Republican voters; they are whipped, assassinated, or driven from their homes; when they apply to the courts for relief they are cheated of justice; their persecutors are suffered to escape punishment; they find their bitterest enemies seated on the judicial bench. The Governor, Mr. Gratz Brown, wholly neglects his duty, and leaves the suffering people to writhe beneath the intolerable oppression of their former foes. Bands of men, disguised and armed, we are told by the *Missouri Democrat*, wander over the country under the cover of night, visit the homes of peaceful citizens whose only crime is that they are Republicans, drag them out, whip them, drive them from the country, or shoot them down before their own doors. Many instances are given, with the names of the victims. Charles White, a farmer living near Bloomfield, was recently taken from his house and whipped by a band of men with blackened faces; a Mr. Hoffsteder, another farmer, was treated in a similar way. J. O. Gaesing was flogged and ordered to leave the country. A colored man was whipped by the same band. The Rev. Mr. Calahan was whipped and driven from his home; Colonel William Lawson and his son, men of high respectability, were ordered to leave their county, and the son severely flogged. A great number of persons have been murdered, and no one known to be a Republican is safe in his own home in many counties of Missouri. The only reason assigned by the assassins for these enormities is that their victims were Republicans, and would vote for Grant and Wilson.

Such is the result in his own State of the folly or the madness of Senator Schurz; such is the character of the men to whom he owes his office. The blood of murdered Republicans already cries out against his visionary schemes; his dream of peace is broken by the groans and tears of his victims. The outrages in Missouri are said to be steadily increasing, and the *Missouri Democrat* sees no hope for its suffering people except in the speedy interference of the national authorities. Yet the example of this dishonored State will serve to show us what must be the condition of the whole South should Schurz and Greeley succeed in their intrigues against the Republican party. Already we are told by careful observers that in those Southern States where the Democracy has gained the control the life of the Republican is often scarcely safe. He is treated with contempt and insult. He never ventures out unarmed. His family tremble for their lives in their own home, and are shut out from the society of their Southern or Democratic neighbors. But if the condition of the white Republicans is made so unendurable under the rule of that faction which has nominated Greeley and Brown, and which is under the patronage of Senator Sumner, still more painful is that of the colored population. In many portions of Georgia the negro, it is stated by persons who have recently fled from persecution in that State, is sinking into a new bondage. The Democratic rulers are reviving in many of the interior counties that severe oppression by which they once held in political subjection both the white and the colored laborer. Upon the latter they exercise all the arts of intimidation and of tyranny. Great colored constituencies are prevented from sharing in the local elections. The voters are driven from the polls by terror; or if they succeed in electing Republican officials, the successful candidate is warned that if he accepts the office to which he is entitled his life will not be safe. He is surrounded by desperate and unsparing foes: he resigns and flies from the country. In one of the southern counties of Missouri, we are told by the *Democrat*, when the colored people had collected money from their own small earnings to build a school-house, they were forbidden by their Democratic neighbors to use it. The secret associations that had seemed suppressed in the Southern States are once more reviving; a reign of terror is again spreading over that unhappy region; and the colored race, we are told, are trembling before the open threats of rioters and assassins. But we are also assured that these breakers of the peace are as cowardly as they are tyrannical; that while the national authority was sustained by a severe law they hid from the eye of justice; that then the white Republican could throw aside his arms with safety, and the colored citizen of Georgia or Missouri vote as freely as if he were in New York or Massachusetts.

Thus amply have the supporters of Schurz and Greeley already refuted the theories of their chiefs, and perfected in bloodshed an unnatural alliance. If any one desires to see the results of the opposition policy, he need visit only the most "liberal" of the Southern States. Surrounded on the north, east, and west by enlightened communities, where elections are free, and no man is harmed, whether he vote for Democrat or Republican, Missouri, under the "liberal" rule, offers a plain example of political proscription. The men who support Greeley whip or murder the men who would vote for Grant. The adherents of the fallen slave-holders, the wrecks of the rebellious armies, have resumed the unscrupulous cruelty with which they once ruled over Missouri. Amnesty has failed to soften them. They employ the first moments of their restoration to the rights of citizenship in avenging themselves upon the loyal and the patriotic. But if in Missouri, surrounded by the intelligence and good order of Illinois, Kansas, and the patriotic West, the farmer is tortured or shot, the clergyman and the Republican leaders whipped and driven from their homes, it is easy to conceive what must be the dangers that await the loyal voters in the States where the rebel faction rules without a witness and without a check. In that remarkable victory which the small farmers, the laboring classes, and the colored population have recently won in North Carolina over their former tyrants few of us in the North can understand the courage, and even the heroic daring, with which they went to the polls. Here, too, the farmer had been dragged from his homestead and whipped by the agents of the rebellious faction until he abjured Republicanism; the colored voters had been tortured or terrified by unknown conspirators; the school-house had been burned, the teacher banished; and bands of assassins had ridden by night through the country, as in "liberal" Missouri, on their bloody canvass. If it were known in the city of New York that such an organization existed, and that he who voted the Republican ticket would certainly be beaten or murdered, how many timid citizens would conceal their Republicanism!—how easy would be the triumph of their foes! But in North Carolina the voter cast his ballot often with the prospect of death or of torture before him. Yet he felt that the alternative of submission to the "liberal" tyranny was worse than either. He went courageously to the polls, and conquered his foes. It is only by a similar heroic courage that the farmers and mechanics, the working-men and the colored population of every Southern State can achieve their own deliverance.

Upon all these deeds of crime the "liberal" leaders look with complacency. They have no reproof for the rebels who have returned the gift of amnesty with such treacherous ingratitude, no sympathy for the sufferers who have fallen in Missouri, or are trembling for their liberties in Georgia. Senators Sumner and Schurz wander over the country repeating the same delusive visions, expending all their benevolence upon the fallen faction of the slave-holders. Mr. Sumner, in letters and speeches, denounces "the policy of hate." No shadow of resentment lingers in his breast against any of the most depraved agents of the rebellion. He is all tenderness and forgiveness. He has pardoned a Brooks; he could embrace a Davis; he is grateful for the support of the men who set on fire Cincinnati or attempted New York. Nor is this frame of mind reprehensible, provided it is joined with prudence: it has long been the policy of the Republican party to pardon while it restrained the passions of the rebels. But unhappily Mr. Sumner still retains his own "policy of hate." His benevolence is not universal, and with all the epithets of rage and scorn he assails President Grant and the Union party. In this singular revulsion he teaches boundless


DEATH TO REPUBLICANS THAT VOTE FOR GRANT AND WILSON. K.K.K
KK
RICHARD III
FOR THE KIND OF PEACE WE WILL HAVE IF H.G. & G.B. ARE ELECTED SEE MISSOURI THE STATE OF CARL SCHURZ AND GRATZ BROWN
Th. Nast

MR. CARL SCHURZ AND HIS VICTIMS.

forgiveness to the enemies of freedom, undying hatred to its chief supporter. Never, we believe, has any President been assailed with such noisy violence. Washington more than once complains of the calumnies of his foes; Lincoln looked down calmly upon the feeble criticisms of a Greeley, the coarse assaults of the traitorous press; but upon President Grant Mr. Sumner has wasted all the resources of his reading, and, in his strange delusion, striven to stab the fame of his preserver. To his jealous mind innocence is tortured into crime, and patience into confession. He rages against the hand that rescued him from his enemies, and seems almost to imagine that it is he and not General Grant who restored the republic. His delusion is shared by his friends. In the speeches of Schurz or Greeley one subject is carefully omitted. In their vindictive assaults upon the President they strive to banish from the minds of his countrymen all recollection of his patriotic services. But the nation remembers them; they live in the hearts of the people; they will rush upon the memory of every patriot with startling clearness as the election draws near in which he is to decide between the President and his defamers, between the friends or the destroyers of freedom. Again the memories of Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and Richmond will mingle with the shouts of victory as the hosts of freemen ride down their ancient foes, and disperse forever the sordid throngs of chivalry and of slavery.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BRIGNON.

If Alice Renn had been the sort of girl Helen took her for, or endeavored to convince herself she was, it is probable that she would now have had good cause for jealousy. The two things that conduce to a man's unfaithfulness, in about equal proportions, are dislike of his wife and liking for another woman; and Arthur, who had been hitherto influenced by the latter feeling only, was now urged by both. It is true, he did not dislike Helen to the extent of aversion, and far less did he wish her harm. But his love for her, now pity had ceased, was gone, and, what is worse in such cases, much of his respect had gone with it. He had no suspicion that she had permitted Allardyce to speak to her such words as he *had* spoken, but his confidence in her was shaken to its foundation. If he had ever given her his real affections, they returned to him now, perhaps to be bestowed elsewhere, if there had been a chance of their acceptance. But he well knew there was none. Jenny never spoke with him, never looked at him again, after that fatal meeting in the chalk-pit. But he did not burn his old love-letters, as he had once intended to do, and he hung the love-gift that she had been wont to wear about his own neck, and next his heart. If Helen could have looked into his thoughts, she would have had good cause to call him faithless.

The unhappy couple were no longer on good terms enough even to quarrel. When by themselves they rarely spoke to one another, and if they did, only on the most ordinary topics, and to be alone together was hateful to both of them. They occupied separate apartments; and at dinner Mr. Glyddon, the doctor, or some other neighbor was generally invited, because, in the teeth of the proverb, three were company and two were none. For a time Mrs. Somers staid with them, but the good old lady was too scandalized by what she witnessed to remain a silent spectator of such "goings on." It was Helen whom she chiefly blamed for it all. "My dear, a man is what his wife makes him," was the opinion she had the temerity to express. "That is rubbish," was the irreverent reply. "It is very easy for Arthur to be civil to *you*, in order to secure your good word. But how does he treat *me*?"

"Well, he's civil enough, at all events;" and, indeed, Arthur's manner toward his wife had that excessive polish commonly termed "the pink of politeness," which, to the observer of human nature, is any thing but a genuine sign of regard. "And as for affection, my dear, you must remember that that's a flower as is nipped in the bud by frost; and I've seen you catch him up and cut him short in a way as *I* never ventured to use to your poor father, if he was ever so aggravating."

But neither the metaphor nor the experience of Mrs. Somers availed with Helen, to whom her mother's remonstrances at last became so intolerable that she gave the old lady plainly to understand that she was overstaying her welcome at Swansdale Hall; and she departed. Curiously enough, as she had taken her son-in-law's part—not from a prejudice in his favor, of course, but because she really thought him hardly used, and also, perhaps, because that course seemed to her more conducive to mutual reconciliation—so did the sympathies of Uncle Magus enlist themselves on Helen's side rather than on that of his own flesh and blood. The chivalry of his nature had doubtless something to do with this. The sight of the unhappiness of a woman was always a passport to his heart; but he also liked Helen for her own sake. He gave her credit for having herself dismissed Allardyce—for Arthur kept strict silence upon the reason of that gentleman's sudden departure—and was inclined to believe that this was the result of his own paternal advice. Many a well-meant hint did he let fall, when his nephew and he were smoking their cigars, concerning domestic disagreements and their cure, and many a kindly endeavor did he make, when all three were together, to bring about a more comfortable state of things. Nay, so seriously did he take the matter to heart that notwithstanding his habits of reticence and jealous care for the honor of the family, he secretly wrote to Mrs. Ralph Tyndall—a mere connection by marriage—to entreat her aid and that of her daughter Blanche toward a reconciliation. They were both most eager to offer their good services; but Mrs. Ralph, who knew human nature far better than did Uncle Magus, pointed out how dangerous would be any unsought interference on her part, and how imprudent it would be to invite herself to Swansdale on a venture in which Helen's own mother herself had failed. She sent, indeed, a most pressing invitation to Arthur and his wife to come and stay with them in town, but the offer was declined.

Helen, whose health was by no means re-established, had been ordered by the doctors to the south of France. She was really very far from well, and the opinion of the London physician that she should try the air of Brignon had been a *bonâ fide* one; but Arthur smiled cynically when he heard it, and imagined that the idea had been suggested by Helen herself in order to get away from Swansdale and Jenny. He made no objection, however (if "Try Van Diemen's Land" had been the verdict, he would have only replied, "Very good, by all means," and would have tried it), and took her to Brignon. They traveled by easy stages, and in the most comfortable manner; he had his man, and she her maid. The best private rooms in the hotels were secured beforehand; she had no necessity to express her wishes, for they were anticipated; and they did not exchange half a dozen words throughout the entire journey.

Brignon is on the sea-coast, and, if in England, would be considered the ugliest place within her Majesty's dominions. Being in France, and difficult of access, it is spoken of by English people—even by those who have seen it—as picturesque. It has really fine sands and a noble sea view; but the country around it is as flat as a pancake, and without a tree, with the exception of some mangy poplars—very like the trees in our cheap Noah's Arks—which fringe its sandy roads. It is not a cheap place, but it is a very dirty one, and the hotels are horrible. The spring was not far advanced when the Tyndalls arrived, and the fashionable visitors who resort to Brignon in the season were not due for months. In the mean time it was occupied by the *bourgeoisie* of the neighboring towns. To them, perhaps, it was cheap, and may *not* have seemed nasty. The air is splendid, health-giving, life-giving; and, in consequence of that attribute, one of the largest hospitals in France has been built at Brignon. A small portion of it only is used for the general purposes of a hospital; the rest is devoted to consumptive patients. These afflicted persons haunt the sands, like ghosts, for a few weeks; then gradually gain flesh and color, and go away literally twice the men (or women) they were. The hospital is clean and excellently conducted. The hotels conduct themselves—at least no landlord is ever found when a complaint has to be made—and very badly. The beds, indeed, are good, as all French beds are; but the rooms, even the best of them, are bare and wretched, and the domestic arrangements infamous. The principal dish at the principal table d'hôte is (or was in the Tyndalls' time) liver and plums; but what the food is is of small consequence when the appetite is raging for any thing. At Brignon one could eat liver and plums four times a day, if one could get them; but such luxuries are not always forth-coming.

The amusement of the place is Swinging. From morning to night the population take their pleasure in swings, erected—perhaps by the government; at all events nobody pays—on the sea-shore. This already healthy locality is held still healthier if it is pervaded in a state of nature. Scruples, however, having been expressed (probably by some English visitor) against this practice, a little clothing is worn. The gentlemen wear jerseys and drawers; the ladies affect some drapery; but nobody wears shoes or stockings. The sand of Brignon is almost as health-giving as its air. If Mrs. Somers had been with her belongings she would have remarked that the hair of Brignon was sandy; for it is so—very. The breeze that is always blowing there bears clouds of sand, but that is good (says the excellent head of the hospital staff) for the lungs and the eyes, and it certainly does them no harm. It was not under this gentleman's professional care that Mrs. Tyndall was placed, because her London physician had recommended another; but he had an equal confidence in the miraculous air. "Mrs. Tyndall was sure to get well at Brignon," he said; "every body did. But in order to effect a rapid cure, she must move rapidly *through* the air. There was nothing like swinging."

It must be understood that the swings at Brignon are not merely composed of a seat and two ropes, but are regular boats with two seats, such as in England are only seen at fairs. A Brignon market-woman will gravely put down her basket, invigorate herself with a swing or two, and then march on, pursuing her vocation till she comes to another erection of the same kind, when she will get in and swing again; the postman discontinues the delivery of the letters, to enjoy the same enchanting exercise; the priest on his way to administer the viaticum is perhaps the only exception to the practice, and he recompenses himself for the self-denial by a double amount of enjoyment on his way back. For do not let it be supposed that the occupation is of a frivolous character; it is pursued, on the contrary, with the utmost gravity. Stout ladies, mothers of families, and even those expecting to be more so, step stolidly into these machines, and are swung by their husbands, who (in jerseys and drawers) stand over them, like a colossus, with a foot on each side of the boat, and pull seriously at the rope above them, as though they were tolling a knell. Every body is grave and sober throughout the operation, and nobody is sick. Perhaps Helen mistrusted herself in the latter respect, or being unable to swing herself, gave up the idea, as she could scarcely ask her husband to help her. After months of isolation and reserve, she could hardly break silence for the first time with, "Arthur, swing me." As a substitute, though by no means an efficient one for this healthful practice, the doctor recommended carriage exercise.

So every day a sort of mail phaeton with two prancing steeds drew up at the door of the *Brignon Hotel*, and the Milor Anglais, who was so polite and deferential to his wife that he might almost have been a Frenchman, stepped in with Miladi, and drove her along the flat roads between the poplars at good speed. Both of them were unwilling to have a witness to their frigid behavior to one another, though a listener he would not have been, for they did not speak. So they were unaccompanied by a groom. However strange that might appear, there was surely no danger in it, for though the steeds were the freshest and fleetest that could be procured, Milor, like most of his countrymen, was skillful to guide them. The astonishment of the Brignon public was consequently great when, late one afternoon, the mail phaeton returned, but without its occupants. That there had been an accident was certain, for one panel of the carriage was stained with clay, and the horses were in a bath of sweat, and looked wild and frightened. The public consternation was excessive: men of action forgot to swing, and expressed by pantomime to eager spectators how the wheel must have run up a bank, and Milor Anglais been pitched from his high seat in this direction, and Miladi in that.

Every body was shocked and desolated; nor were many hours suffered to elapse before men were dispatched on the road the missing pair were known to have taken, to give aid, and more especially to make a due report of the affair to the authorities. The French (until late events revealed the imposture) have always been reckoned the readiest people in the world—which, indeed, they are with their tongues; but in the investigation of what we call "accidents and offenses" they certainly do not err on the side of precipitancy. It was late at night, fortunately a moon-lit one, before they discovered on a sharp decline (the only one in that part of the country), about ten miles from Brignon, one in this direction and one in that, precisely as the pantomimist had described them, the bodies of Arthur Tyndall and his wife. Dead bodies they both seemed when they were first lifted up; but this was not so. They were quite insensible, but they still breathed, and were at once conveyed to the accident wards of the Brignon hospital. The road was stony at the place where the catastrophe had occurred, and it was supposed that they had been pitched out on their heads, for they had each sustained a fracture of the skull. Miladi's injury was pronounced to be the most severe in this respect; but Milor, in addition to his head wound, had broken bones and a snapped rib, which was thought to be pressing on his lungs. As it happened, both the accident wards were pretty full; but room was made for the new-comers; and they were tended with that care and tenderness which medical skill rarely fails to bestow, though its objects be ever so unknown and alien. The telegraph did not exist at Brignon, nor, to confess the truth, were the postal arrangements quite what they should have been; but within eight-and-forty hours from the time of the reception of the unhappy pair within the hospital Mrs. Ralph Tyndall was sitting at breakfast turning over a foreign letter, the handwriting of the address of which puzzled her not a little.

"Who on earth can this be from, Blanche?—Oh, great Heaven!"

"What *is* the matter, mamma?"

Her mother did not answer, but turning very white, threw the note across to Blanche, and vehemently rang the bell. The letter was from Helen's maid, and ran as follows:

"My master and mistress have both met with dreadful accidents, and are lying in Brignon Hospital; from what I gather—but I can not rightly understand what the people say—there is little hope of either of them surviving. My dear mistress was far from well before, and that, they tell me, makes her case more dangerous. For God's sake, come, madam, at once."

"Charles," said Mrs. Ralph to the servant who answered her summons, "let some one be instantly dispatched to Mr. Adair's chambers in the Temple with the request that he should come here without a moment's delay; and send Maria to me at once.—Don't cry, my darling Blanche; that can do no good." The large tears were stealing down her own face, nevertheless.

"Oh, mamma, if Arthur and Helen have not been reconciled," sobbed Blanche.

"That was my first thought, Blanche, also: but hush, hush!—Maria pack up some clothes for us immediately; Miss Blanche and I are going abroad." Then she took up a "Bradshaw," and looked out for the tidal train. "Come, that will suit well, at all events, and leave time for the passport to be *viséd*," said she. "I only trust Mr. Adair will not fail us."

"I will answer for Jack—I mean Mr. Adair," broke in Blanche.

"Very good, my dear, but I want him to answer for himself in person," was Mrs. Ralph's quiet reply. "We two must go, of course, at all events; so, when you have finished your breakfast, you had better go to Maria."

"I could not swallow a mouthful, mamma—it would choke me;" and she withdrew accordingly at once to see, as well as her tears would permit, about the packing. She had never thought to cry—except with pleasure—at the prospect of having Jack Adair for her traveling companion; and that he was to be so she felt certain. Nor was her confidence misplaced.

"It is awkward, of course," was Mrs. Ralph's reflection, "and must needs throw them much together, which is the very thing I would have avoided. But Mr. Adair is Arthur's oldest and best friend; and in a strait like this I know no other man that I can apply to half as unselfish, prompt, and useful. Poor dear Arthur—poor Helen! What an end to their short married life! and what a sad life it has been! The money was on the wrong side there too." Mrs. Ralph Tyndall was a woman of the world, though not a worldly woman. She liked Adair exceedingly, but she would have liked him better, and certainly looked more favorably on him as a suitor for her daughter's hand, if his affairs had been more prosperous. Whatever were her personal wishes or apprehensions, however, they were never suffered to interfere with what she felt to be her duties to others; and soon after noon that day Mrs. Ralph Tyndall and her daughter were in the express to Folkestone, with Mr. John Adair, barrister-at-law, for their escort, bound for Brignon.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN HOSPITAL.

White beds, bare walls, carpetless floors, strange, noiseless figures bending over beds—"Hush, hush!" What did all this mean? thought Arthur Tyndall, coming to himself after days that seemed weeks in the ward at Brignon Hospital; and where was he, and what had happened? Some accident, for he felt stiff and bruised all over, and could scarce stir a limb, and there were bandages about him. It was an effort even to keep his eyes open, and he closed them again; besides, it was easier to think when they were shut. Wherever he was, he had not been left alone; far from it. Streams of people had been to see him—rivers, seas, wave after wave of them. Allardyce, for one, which was curious, considering what had happened between them; and Paul Jones, with an ace of spades up his sleeve, which he pulled up and down to show it him for his amusement. Uncle Magus, too, had brought his pistols with him for the same purpose, and had described to him how he had shot the Frenchman with one of them, which was imprudent of the old gentleman, considering that they *were* in France—in France, yes—but whereabouts? Well, perhaps that would come presently. Let us think, think, think. There's a bell tolling, which means that somebody's dead. *Well, perhaps you had better drive yourself, then.* Who said *that?* Once more he opened his eyes—this time in alarm, for the voice had been very loud—and whom should they light upon, sitting beside him, with a very grave face, but Jack Adair!

"Dear Jack," said Arthur; "so good of you!" and then, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, he began to cry. He was neither ashamed nor astonished at himself; but what did astonish him, even at that weak and wretched pass to which he had been reduced, was that Jack cried too—Jack, whom he had never seen moved to tears; Jack, who, although of tender heart, was the last man in the world to "give way" or exhibit sentiment in a sentimental shape—Jack cried like a child. Why should Jack cry? It touched him, no doubt, to find his friend in hospital and in such evil case, and to hear what had befallen him. But there again was the hitch. What *had* befallen him? What had he been doing? Where had he been going? *Well, perhaps you had better drive yourself, then!*"

"You have said that twice, old fellow," said Jack, softly.

Had he? Now that was curious, for those were the very words that he himself had used to Helen before the carriage was upset.

That ray of consciousness was too much for him; it seemed as though too much light had been let into his brain, and dazed it. He sank again into stupor, thence to sleep, and when he awoke the day had far advanced. But Jack was watching beside him as before—dear, faithful Jack, who had come (doubtless) post-haste from England for that very purpose. But there were no tears now; he felt much stronger, and his mind was clearer far.

"How is Helen?"

Perhaps Jack did not hear; at all events he did not answer.

"Where is my wife?"

"Here; under this roof," was the grave reply.

"Was she badly hurt?"

"Yes."

"Poor soul! poor soul! Tell me about it," said Arthur.

"Nay, *we* know nothing except that you were both brought here much hurt. You were pitched out on your head, and had concussion of the brain."

"And Helen?"

"The same."

How very short Jack's answers were. But then, as he had said, he had nothing to tell.

"It happened in this way," said Arthur. "We were coming very fast down the hill, and Helen said, 'Take care.' That was the first word she had spoken throughout the drive; but then, it is true, I had not spoken either. We were not on good terms, Jack, nor had we been for months."

"Hush, hush! For Heaven's sake, do not talk of that now."

"Very good; I won't. I am very sorry it was so. I will make an effort—now that this has happened—to change all that. I will do my very best. Helen shall see—"

"How did it happen, Arthur?" interrupted Adair, nervously. "Keep to that, if you can, and if trying to think it out does not hurt you. What took place after she said, 'Take care?'"

"Well, that annoyed me. I knew how to drive well enough, of course, and it is disagreeable to be interfered with. And then to think that that should be the *first* time she had opened her lips to me. So, '*Perhaps you had better drive yourself*,' said I; and I made as though I would have handed over the reins to her."

"Great Heaven!" ejaculated Adair, with horror. "And did she take them?"

"No; but it made me inattentive to the horses—reckless; and just then something happened to frighten them on the road-side, and they ran up the bank, and, as I suppose, spilled us."

"That will do for to-night, Arthur; you look a little feverish. I will come again to-morrow morning."

"Thanks, old fellow. Pray, give my love to Helen. You have seen her to-day, have you not? They do let you see her, I hope; or is she too ill?"

"I have not seen her," answered Jack, speaking with difficulty; his tongue seemed glued to his mouth. "She was placed in the female accident ward, you see; but Blanche saw her."

"Blanche here! Why, how is that? You two have not made a runaway match of it, have you?"

"No, no." Never was seen such a sickly smile upon Jack's face before. It was more mournful by far than his tears had been. "Blanche and her mother are both here. They left London the same day they got the news of your accident."

"To nurse Helen? How good of them, and of you too, Jack! Blanche may come here, I know; I have seen ladies here, visiting their friends. Bring her to-morrow; I do so long to hear about poor Helen."

Let us return to the hotel with Adair. Mrs. Ralph and Blanche occupy with him the same sitting-room that Arthur and Helen used, and for which, alas! they have now no occasion. They are both looking pale and wretched; and even on the elder lady's face—who is scarcely more given to exhibit emotion in public than Jack himself—are traces of recent tears. They both look up from their needle-work as he comes in; but not even Blanche has a smile for him.

"*How* is he?" they inquire, simultaneously, with anxiety, but with much more of sadness, as one who, having been already struck by evil fortune, is somewhat numb to the second blow.

"Better; he has come to himself, and told me how it all happened, and so forth."

"And did you tell *him?*" asked Blanche.

"I *could* not," replied Adair, apologetically: "I dared not. I know it was very cowardly of me. I said *you* would come to-morrow.—I know what you are thinking, dear Mrs. Tyndall; how it is always you poor women who are expected to say and do the unpleasant things. But Arthur is my oldest friend; and Blanche knows so well how to approach—how to break such tidings. I might blurt it out and kill him."

"I will do my best," said Blanche, sobbing a little; "but I think, dear mamma, that you would do it better."

"Well, I have prepared him to see you, Blanche," said Adair, "and I think if your mother went he would guess what has happened at once.—What do *you* think, Mrs. Tyndall?"

"I think Blanche had better go; he is more used to her. But I shall accompany her to the hospital, of course. You and I, Mr. Adair, can stay below in the waiting-room."

"Shall I wear this, mamma?" said Blanche, pointing to the work she was engaged on—some article of black crape. "The woman said our dresses would be home to-night."

"I think not, dear; it might strike him at once, then, and— Oh, poor Arthur!" At this the tears of both women flowed afresh, and Adair went to the window and looked out for some minutes in silence: it was a fine clear evening, but all seemed mist to him.

The next day Blanche went to see Arthur, as had been arranged. But she had overestimated her self-control, and at Arthur's first question, "How is Helen?" she remained speechless.

"Have you not seen her to-day, Blanche?"

She shook her head; she tried to frame some plausible excuse; but the vision of what she *had* seen but yesterday—the gaunt, stiff form under the hospital sheet that was all that was now left of the blooming bride of not a year ago—came into her mind and froze her speech.

"She is dead!" groaned Arthur, and turned his face to the white wall.

It was no place for the luxury of grief; the already crowded ward had received an accession of new inmates, in consequence of an accident occasioned by the collapse of a circus tent in the town; nor was Arthur's sorrow of the sort to be assuaged by giving vent to it. Not only regret, but something very like remorse, was consuming him. The last words he had uttered to his dead wife had been peevish, if not passionate; the last look he had given her had been one of displeasure, if not dislike. What would he not have given to have recalled even those last few minutes which they had spent together, and to have substituted another look and other words for those he had used! He did not think of *her* share in their estrangement, but only of his own. He pictured her to himself at her very best—happy, radiant, and devoted—as on the day he married her.

"Did she suffer?" asked he, presently, in a voice so different from his own that it might have emanated from some neighbor patient—a ghostly voice that seemed to be made up of echoes from the past.

"I trust not, Arthur; I think not. As I learn from the authorities here, she got better after the first day; they had great hopes, indeed; and Maria was permitted to come and sit with her more than once. But on the night before we arrived a sudden change for the worse took place—But I am torturing you."

"No, *no*," pleaded Arthur. "Tell me all. What I imagine for myself is far worse than aught you can have to say."

"There is little more to tell, Arthur. Maria saw her dear mistress *on* that night."

"She was quite herself in mind?"

"I—I think not, Arthur. She spoke very little about any thing; but she seemed stronger, and had no fears about herself. Yet when Maria came here as usual the next morning, they told her that her mistress had passed away; and she went up stairs and found it so. Judge of our horror, Arthur, to find such news as this awaiting us! The certificate of our dear one's death was sent that very day. I do believe that all was done that could be done. But only think of it—to have happened among strangers in a room like this—" Here sobs choked poor Blanche, and she hid her face on Arthur's pillow.

"But you went yourself, Blanche, and saw her?"

"Oh yes, as much as I dared to see," answered she, with a shudder. "Mamma and I went up to the little bed with her name written upon the head of it—'Helen Tyndall'—which, I suppose, Maria had supplied, and we knelt down by it and bade her good-by."

"And *I* must see her and bid her good-by too, Blanche."

"That is impossible, Arthur; the doctor told us it would kill you to be moved."

"Would to Heaven it would!" groaned he. "That is all that is left for me now to do—to die!"

Such an extremity of wretchedness was in his face and tone that Blanche was filled not only with pity for him, but with a certain awe: the spectacle was more than she could bear alone.

"Mamma and Mr. Adair are below, Arthur; might I tell them to come up?"

He was still so weak and crippled that he could make no sign of acquiescence, and speech had once more failed him; but his eyes said "Yes." So Mrs. Ralph Tyndall and Adair were sent for. Upon the former he cast a grateful look, which she well understood; but it was no time for thanks.

"They tell me I can not even see her," murmured he.

"No, dear Arthur; that is impossible; they say it will be days before you can leave your bed with safety. In the mean time, you know, you have only to express your wishes to myself or Mr. Adair, and every thing shall be done in accordance with them."

"I am trying to think what *she* would have wished," he whispered. "Where is her poor mother?"

"We expect her every hour. I wrote to her at her London address directly I got Maria's letter; but it seems she was out of town on a series of visits. They could not tell me for certain where she was, or when she would learn the news. Next to yourself, Arthur, my heart bleeds for *her*."

"*She* deserves your pity," replied Arthur, in a hollow voice. Then, after a pause, "It is only right that her mother should decide, but I think she should be taken back to Swansdale."

"That seems fittest, Arthur; to her own home."

"Yes; but it was not a happy home," groaned the sick man. "Blanche—Jack—where are you?"

They came forward, standing each upon one side of the little bed.

Mrs. Ralph made a half movement of disapproval: she apprehended what was coming, perhaps, but did not feel so certain of it as to justify her interference, or perhaps the circumstances of the case forbade it. At all events, there was no interruption to what followed.

"Blanche," said Arthur, with a tenderness as grave as that which haunts the tones of a dying man, "when *you* are married, you will have no cause to mistrust your husband; but if a shadow of suspicion of his fidelity should ever threaten your bright days, put it from you, I beseech you, for it will darken the brightest.—Jack, dear Jack, it would be out of place, indeed, should *I* give advice to *you*; but I pray Heaven when you and Blanche are one—for that will be—that you may never have to reproach yourself on her account too late; that *you* may never wish to recall look, speech, or thought of her—and wish in vain."

It was not until three days afterward that Mrs. Somers arrived at Brignon, too late to see the last of her dead Helen. Even then Arthur was not in a condition to be moved. So Adair remained to look after him; while the two ladies, escorted by Mr. Glyddon, who came over for that purpose, journeyed to Swansdale with their sad charge. Blanche never forgot those three days' travel. Extreme wretchedness had induced in poor Mrs. Somers a sort of stupor, which necessitated Mrs. Ralph's whole attention and tendance, but none of the woful incidents of the way were spared to her daughter. The bereaved mother would not be separated from the coffin that held her dear one's remains, so the dead and the living journeyed by the same train. The shocks to which the feelings of Blanche were thus necessarily subjected at every break of line, and in the change from rail to steamboat, were very severe, while the vulgar curiosity that their awful burden excited was to the last degree distressing. She had never been deeply attached to Helen, but she had been intimate with her, as girls of the same age about to be somewhat closely connected with one another naturally become, and her nerves were terribly jarred from first to last. The burial itself was far more trying than such sad scenes usually are, from the absence of him who should have been the chief mourner, and its cause, as well as from the comparison that would intrude itself between the present and the time they had spent at Swansdale, such a little while ago, when she whom they now laid in her grave was a blooming girl in the happy anticipation of her bridal hour.

As Mrs. Somers insisted upon being present at the funeral, Mrs. Ralph and Blanche could not do otherwise than bear her company; and when all was over they carried the poor forlorn woman with them to their own home. Mrs. Ralph urged Uncle Magus to come also, but the old man pressed her hand and shook his head, and in a faltering voice replied, "I shall not leave home, my dear, until I am carried yonder, whither *she* has gone so sadly soon." It seemed as though ten years of sorrow had fallen upon his gray head at once.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ and party reached Panama on the 25th of June last, after a satisfactory run from Callao. Their arrival at the last-mentioned place we have already chronicled, as also their intention of stopping at Ancon, for the purpose of taking on board a collection of ethnological specimens gathered for the Peabody Museum at Cambridge by Mr. **HUTCHINSON**, the British consul at that place. These consisted of ancient pottery and a large number of human skulls.

Payta, Peru, was reached on the 4th of June, where several days were spent in making collections. The most interesting object secured was a shark belonging to the genus *Cestracion*, a form which was common during the Devonian and triassic periods, but which at the present day is only known by species taken at Port Jackson, San Francisco, and now at Payta.

Proceeding from Payta on the 6th of June, the *Hassler* steamed for the Galapagos Islands, most of which were visited in succession, and among which a great deal of time was spent. This group has always been very interesting to naturalists on account of the peculiarities of its zoology, and in view of the fact that, being of comparatively recent origin, and situated so far from the American coast, there seems no way by which land animals and plants could have been transported from other countries, and therefore authorizing the supposition that the existing species must have originated on the spot. A few pelagic birds are met with, but the larger number of the animals, at least, are totally different, both as to genera and species, from any found on the main-land.

Among other natives of the islands are a large land tortoise and two species of lizard, one of them terrestrial, and the other spending a great deal of its time in the sea.

The party were greatly interested in noticing the tameness of the seals on some of the islands, as well as of the birds, these not seeming to know that their visitors were different from themselves, and permitting them to come within touching distance. This condition indeed seems to prevail throughout many of the outlying islands of the Pacific, as during a visit to the Revilla-gigedo Islands, off the coast of Mexico, by Colonel **GRAYSON**, he was actually annoyed by the pertinacity with which the mocking-birds, pigeons, and some other species would insist upon alighting upon his table when he was writing and drawing, and several times upsetting his inkstand, and taking liberties generally.

Great indignation is expressed by scientific men in England at the refusal of the Treasury to accede to an application made by a Committee of the British Association, consisting of the Astronomer Royal, Sir **WILLIAM THOMSON**, Professor **RANKINE**, Professor **ADAMS**, and other leading physicists, for a grant to assist in a series of observations for the purpose of discovering the causes of the variations of the tides. Great Britain being eminently a maritime country, it is thought that inquiries of this nature are such as could fairly be assisted by the state.

A very interesting and important contribution to our knowledge of the variation and geographical distribution of species is published in a recent number of *Nature* by Mr. **JOHN T. GULICK**, in an account of the species of the Helicidæ, known as the *Achatinellinæ*, found in the Sandwich Islands. The family is quite peculiar to this group of islands, and is characterized by the columella having a spiral twist; but the singular fact is that most of the genera and all the species are restricted not only to a single island, but to very small areas in the islands. In Oahu, an island 60 miles long and 15 broad, there are about 185 species of Achatinellinæ, none of which are found on any other of the islands (with scarcely an exception), and no species occupies a large proportion even of this area. Nearly all are confined to the forest regions skirting two ranges of mountains, about 40 miles in length by five or six in breadth; and no one species is distributed over even one-half of this small mountain range, the greater number being restricted to areas from one to five miles in length. The two ranges of mountains are inhabited by species belonging to two different sections of the group. From each side of the main range project mountain ridges, which separate deep valleys a mile or two in width; and in each of these valleys is a subordinate section, having its own varieties, and in many instances its own species, which are found nowhere else. The species of one genus found in the same district are connected together by innumerable varieties, presenting minute gradations of form and color, while those found on different islands are not so completely linked by intermediate forms. Granting the hypothesis that all these various forms have sprung from a common ancestor by a process of evolution, Mr. **GULICK** is quite unable to account for the prevalence of particular forms in particular localities by the theory of the Survival of the Fittest, or any other theory that has yet been propounded.

Signor G. A. **PASQUALE** has contributed to the Accademia delle Scienze Fisiche e Matematiche of Naples a paper in which he accounts for the destruction of the vegetation during the recent eruption of Vesuvius by the effects of the chloride of sodium which is deposited along with the ashes. The destruction of the tissues he states to be far too rapid to be attributable to the mechanical action of the ashes in closing the pores of the leaves; and there is no evidence of desiccation except in the immediate vicinity of the volcano, nor of the change of color in the leaves and flowers which would be the result of poisoning by acid fumes.

Mr. H. N. **MOSELEY** publishes in *Nature* for June 20 the result of an elaborate series of experiments for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the singular cry produced by the death's-head moth (*Acherontia atropos*), about which many treatises have been written, referring it to a great variety of different organs. Mr. **MOSELEY** appears to have satisfactorily determined that it proceeds from the proboscis.

Among the recent announcements of death in scientific circles we find that of Mr. **CHARLES HILL**, of Bristol, England, on the 27th of June, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. This gentleman was for a long time interested in astronomical research, and was the proprietor of a private observatory, well fitted out with first-class apparatus.

Professor **BAIRD**, the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, is at present occupied in the Bay of Fundy in prosecuting the inquiries intrusted to him by Congress, having reference to the decrease of the food fishes of the sea-coast and lakes of the United States. He spent the summer of 1871 on the south coast of New England, investigating the subject as related to Vineyard Sound, Buzzard's Bay, and Narraganset Bay. His present labors refer more immediately to the herring, cod, mackerel, and other more northern species. In that portion of his work which concerns the food of the fishes, involving an investigation of the invertebrate marine fauna generally, A. E. **VERRILL**, of Yale College, who is accompanied by a corps of assistants, and the party, are busily occupied in exploring the deep seas of the vicinity of Eastport and Grand Menan, having already succeeded in procuring many forms previously unknown to our northern coast, some of them even new to science.

During a recent exploration of the party, made upon the revenue steamer *Mosswood*, in command of Captain **HODGDON**, occasion was taken to make deep-sea soundings and temperature observations along a line from the north-eastern end of Campobello to Grand Menan; and, at a depth of eighty fathoms, the water at the bottom was found to register 39¾° F., the tide rising at the time, and the surface temperature at the same point being 48½°.

We learn that the publication of the *American Journal of Conchology* has closed with the completion of its seventh volume. This quarterly, edited by Mr. **GEORGE W. TRYON**, has appeared under the auspices of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, and has included, from time to time, a great many very important conchological monographs, chiefly presented to the Philadelphia Academy, many of them accompanied by colored plates. Hereafter such communications will be published in the journal or the proceedings of the academy itself.

The Biennial Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of California for the years 1870 and 1871 is a document of unusual interest, as showing the appreciation by that State of the importance of taking early and timely precautions in regard to its food fishes. Accustomed as we have been to hear of the abundance of salmon, trout, and other valuable fishes on the California coast, we are hardly prepared to learn, as we do from this document, that many of the more important interior fisheries of the State have been almost entirely destroyed by reckless methods of capture and other causes.

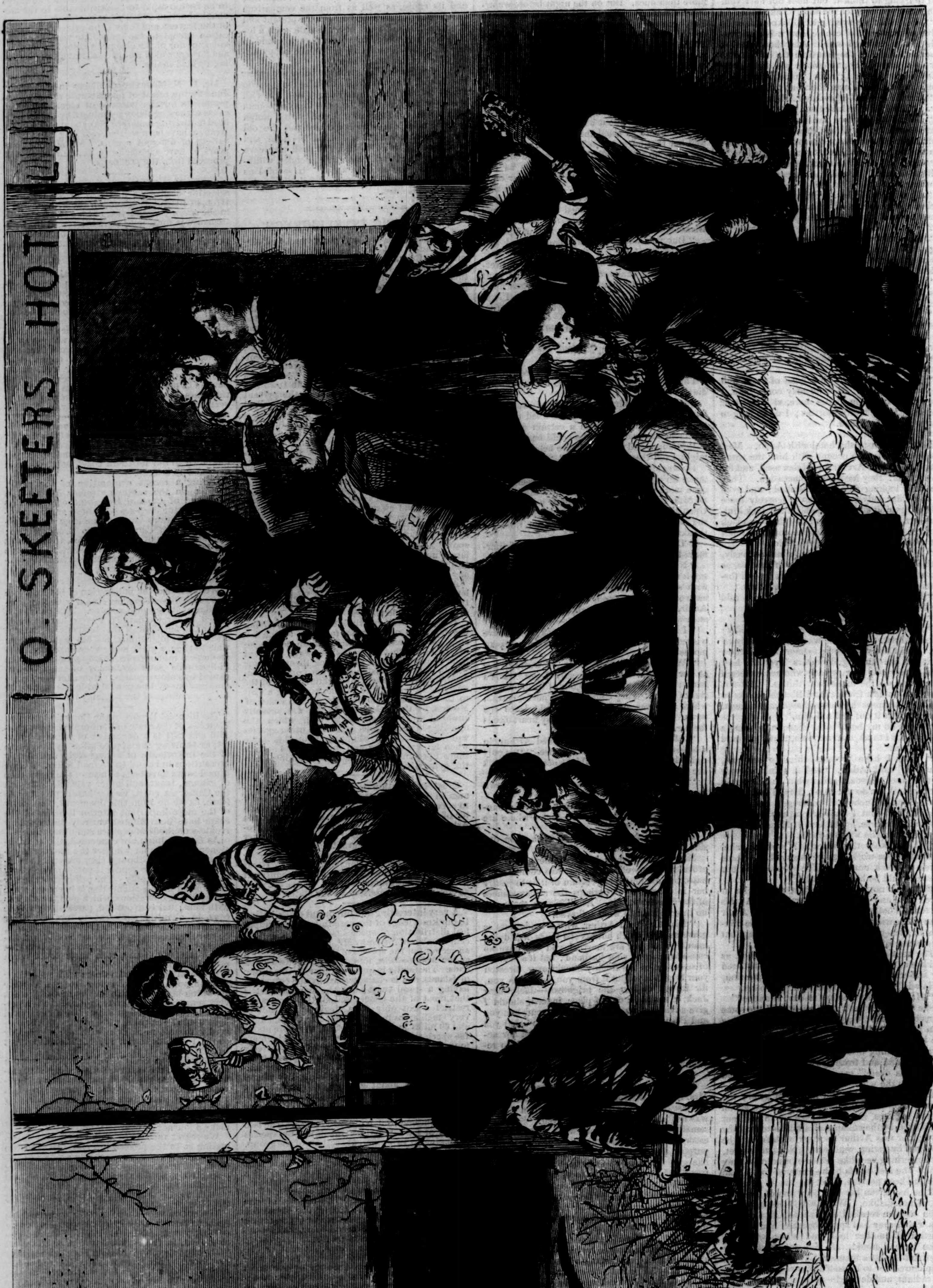
As far as salmon are concerned, the commissioners are in doubt whether the number is decreasing or not, although they are still in sufficient abundance to render it comparatively easy to keep up the supply The principal difficulty anticipated in this connection is in consequence of the mining operations, which load the streams with mud, that is deposited, particularly on the eggs, in quantity sufficient to prevent their hatching. The remedy for this will, of course, be to collect the eggs, by the method of Mr. **ATKINS** or otherwise, and after hatching them in a State hatching house, turn them loose when properly matured.

It is well known that salmon will make their way through muddy waters to reach their spawning beds, and that the young fish are not very sensitive to this evil, provided the temperature of the water be suitable; but if the gravel beds used as spawning places by the fish be covered with soft mud, even with the water clear above, the difficulty of reproduction is almost equally great.

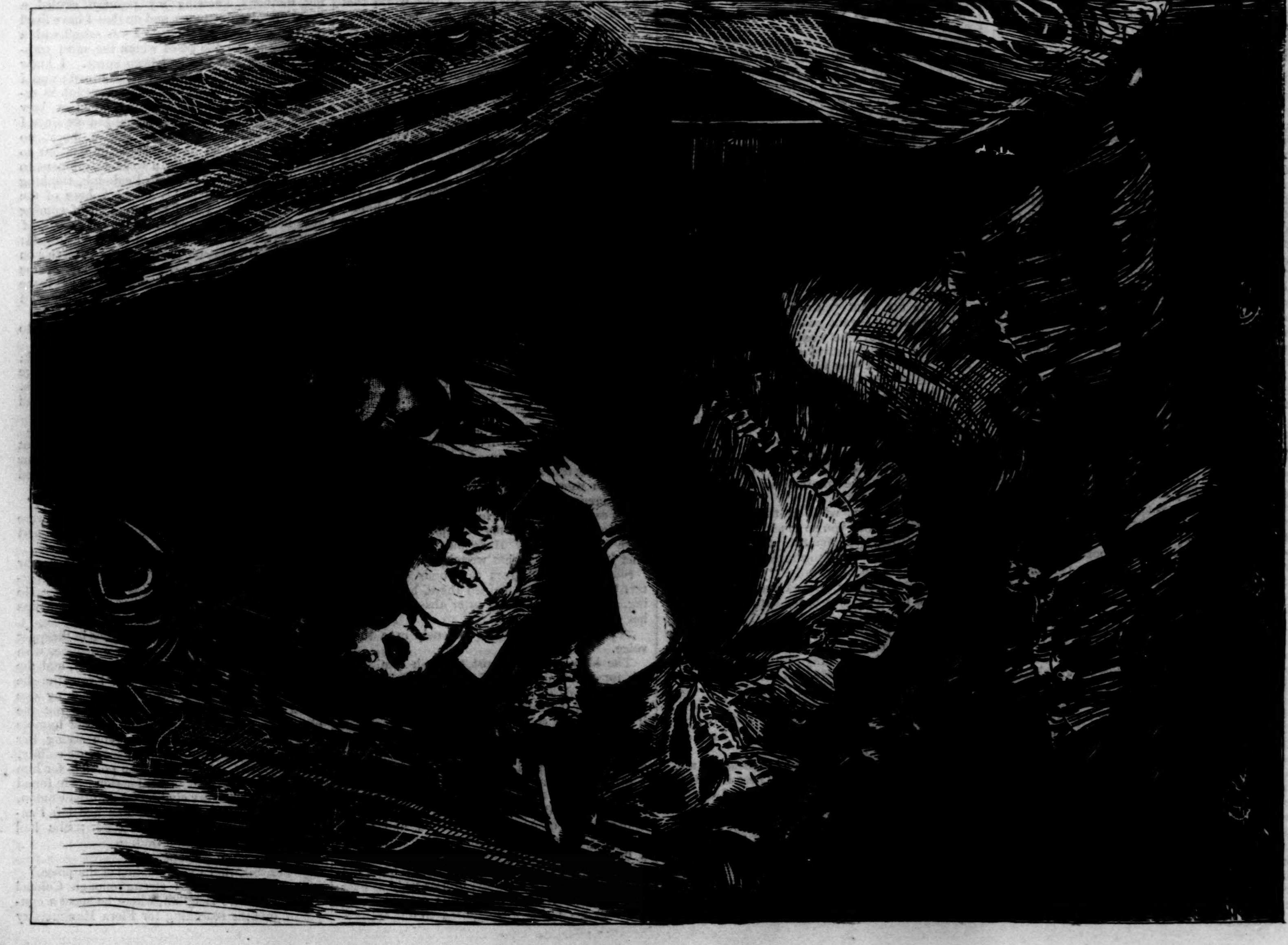
According to the California report, salmon are caught in the small tributaries of the Sacramento on the sides of Mount Shasta at an elevation of over 4000 feet above the sea, to reach which they must have passed through nearly fifty miles of almost continuous rapids; while the same fish, in order to reach the Snake River, make a journey of over 1000 miles.

We regret that there is no satisfactory information as to the precise intervals between the time when the salmon reach the rivers of California and the periods of spawning and hatching respectively, as this would be of much practical importance in reference to the question of the best method of obtaining the ova for stocking the Eastern waters.

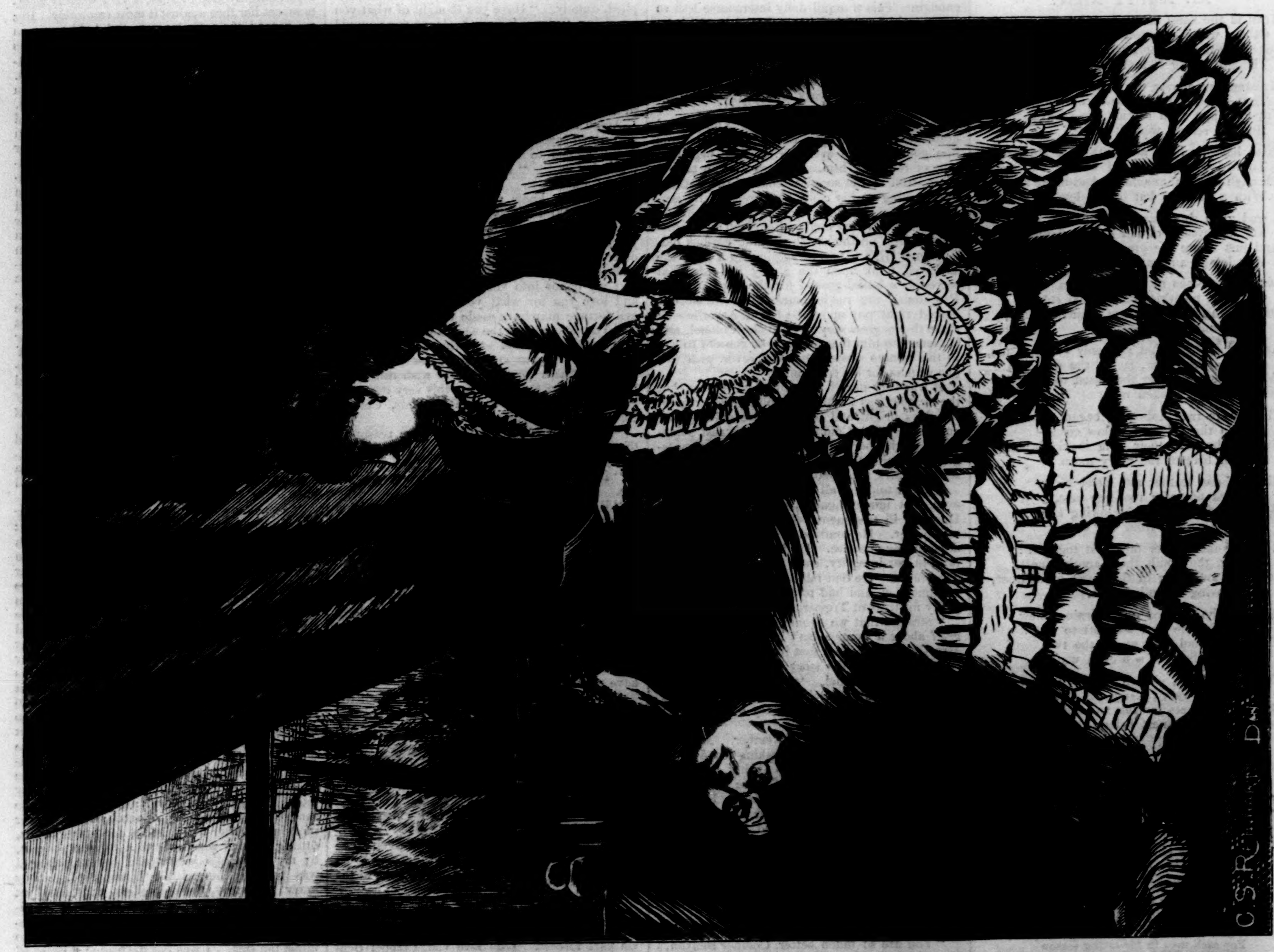
The commissioners point with commendable pride to the success of the enterprise of transporting young shad from the Hudson and placing them in the Sacramento during the past year, the operation having been successfully performed by Mr. **SETH GREEN**. There is every reason to hope that at the proper period—say, at the expiration of about three years from the date of the experiment—shad will be found making their appearance in the lower Sacramento, and moving upward to their spawning ground. They propose to continue the experiment during the present season, but we have not learned whether this has been actually accomplished. Embraced in their plans for the future is the introduction of white-fish into Lake Tahoe, and black bass, eels, and lobsters into suitable localities.


O. SKEETERS HOT

MOSQUITOES IN THE COUNTRY.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]



AUGUST—WHAT I KNOW ABOUT FLIRTING.



NOVEMBER—A THING OF THE PAST.

AN EMPTY NEST.

Mine is the song of an empty nest:
  Others will bring you braver songs;
But mine must utter my heart's behest,
  Though I sing it to heedless throngs.

My steps were over the blanchèd leaves
  That had taken the frost's untimely kiss;
Not long ago we'd carried the sheaves,
  But the season was all amiss.

With hanging head and with loitering feet
  Toward the open land I went,
Through places that summer had made so sweet
  With a glamour but briefly lent.

I trod upon something soft and dry,
  For my eyes were full on the flaming west;
And just where the grass was thick and high
  Was lying—an empty nest.

Oh, what visions of faded spring;
  Oh, what mem'ries of silenced song,
Of brooding breast, and of glancing wing,
  To an empty nest belong!

And the thought that suddenly came to me,
  Close to the water, facing the west,
Was of some singing that used to be
  In another forsaken nest.

There were two birds that began to sing
  Low in the fields of yellow corn—
Not for the heed their song should bring,
  But for love of the dewy morn.

Birds of one feather and sister birds,
  Crowded out of a roof-tree nest,
Hatched within sound of lowing herds,
  But flying away from the west.

Birds of one feather fare best together:
  Singing, they built them another nest,
Sat in it and sung in the worst of weather,
  Each loving the other best.

But we who listened one morning knew
  That only one bird was left to sing:
They never had sung apart, the two,
  And we talked of a broken wing.

Now, should you chance to pass that way,
  You would vainly listen for any song;
But what regrets for the vanished lay
  To this empty nest belong!

Howard Glyndon.

(Continued from No. 817, page 655.)

COLONEL BENYON'S ENTANGLEMENT.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER V.

"So may one read his weird, and reason,
  And with vain drugs assuage no pain;
For each man in his loving season
  Fools and is fooled of these in vain.

"Charms that allay not any longing,
  Spells that appease not any grief,
Time brings us all by handfuls, wronging
  All hurts with nothing of relief."

Colonel Benyon was in love. That rigid disciplinarian, that battered soldier who had boasted for the last fifteen years of his freedom from any thing approaching what he called "an entanglement," now awoke to the consciousness that he was the veriest fool in the universe, and that unless he could win this woman, of whose antecedents he knew nothing, for his wife, he was a lost man. That he could return to the outer world, that he could go back to India and begin life again without her, seemed to him impossible. His world had narrowed itself into the sick-chamber where she ministered to him. All the voices of this earth seemed to have melted into that one low tender voice that read to him or talked with him in the long tranquil evenings. Until now he had scarcely known the meaning of a woman's companionship. Never had he lived in such close intimacy with any one, not even a masculine friend. But now he looked back at his hard commonplace life, the conventional society, the stereotyped pleasures, and wondered how he had endured so many years of such a barren existence. He loved her. For a long time—his idle weeks in that sick-room had seemed so long, giving him so much leisure for thought—he had struggled against this folly, if folly it were; but he had struggled in vain. He loved her. Her, and none other, would he have for his wife; and he told himself that it was, after all, no great sacrifice which he contemplated making. That she was a lady he had never doubted from the first hour when, restored to his sober senses, he had looked at her face and heard her voice. It was just possible that she was born of a less noble race than his own, though he could scarcely bring himself to believe even this; it was more than probable that she was very poor. The Colonel was glad of this last fact. It pleased him to think that his wealth might give her a new and brighter life, surrounding her with all those luxuries and elegances which seemed the natural attributes of her beauty.

Was there any hope for him? Well, yes; he was inclined to believe his case far from desperate. There was a subtle something in her looks and tones at times that made him fancy he was not quite indifferent to her, that he was more than the mere object of her charity. Nothing could be more vague than these signs and tokens, for she was the most reserved of women—the proudest, he sometimes thought—and he felt convinced that she was herself unconscious of them. But, slight as they were, they were sufficient to kindle hope in Herbert Benyon's breast, and he fancied that he had only to wait the fullness of time for the hour of his confession and the certainty of his happiness.

He was not eager to speak. There was time enough. This tranquil daily intercourse was so sweet to him that he almost feared to end it by assuming a new relation to his gentle nurse. He did not want to scare her away just yet, even if she left him only to come back to him later as his wife. He wanted to have her all to himself a little longer in this easy, undisturbed companionship.

So the days and weeks went on. The Colonel grew so much stronger that Dr. Matson bade him good-by, and even Mr. Borlase began to talk of releasing him. He was able to take a short stroll in the sunniest hour of the autumn day, leaning on his cane, and occasionally getting a little help from his nurse's supporting arm. He was very fond of Penjudah: the scattered houses on the sea-shore; the curious old-fashioned High Street straggling up a hill; the sheltered nook upon the grassy hill-side, that served as a burial-ground for the population of Penjudah; the rustic lanes, from which one looked right out upon the broad Atlantic—all these things grew very dear to the Colonel, and it seemed to him that he could be content to live in this remote western haven forever with this one woman for his companion.

It was very nearly the end of November, but the weather was wonderfully mild in this region, the days bright and balmy, the evenings clear and calm. The Colonel stopped to rest sometimes in the burial-ground, seated on a moss-grown granite tomb, with his face toward the sea, and Mrs. Chapman by his side.

He had told her all the story of his past life, even that ignominious episode of Lady Julia Dursay's ill treatment. It was his delight to talk to her. He confided in her as he had never done in any one else. He had such unbounded faith in her integrity, such a fixed belief in her good sense. He had talked to her of his friend Hammersley, and had told her the story of the guilty mistress of Trewardell.

"Strange that we should both have come to grief about a woman, isn't it?" he asked; and Mrs. Chapman owned that it was very strange.

"You'd heard the story before, I dare say," remarked the Colonel. "I suppose all the gossips of Penjudah know it by heart?"

"Yes," she answered, "every body in Cornwall knows it."

It was the last day of November. Mr. Borlase had again talked about taking leave of his patient, and the Colonel was sitting on his favorite tomb, the memorial of some race whose grandeur was a memory of the past. He began to think the time was drawing near when he must make his confession and hear his fate. He was no coxcomb, yet he had no fear of the result; indeed, he was certain that she loved him. While he was meditating this in a dreamy way, in no hurry to speak, and quite satisfied with the happiness of having the woman he loved by his side, Mrs. Chapman suddenly broke the silence.

"You are so much better, Colonel Benyon," she began—"almost well, indeed, Mr. Borlase says—that I think you can afford to spare me now. I have staid with you already much longer than I felt to be really necessary, only"—she hesitated just for a moment, and then went rapidly on—"only yours was a critical case, and I did not wish to leave you while there was the faintest chance of relapse. There is no fear of that now, and I am wanted elsewhere. There is a little boy in one of the cottages up the hill dying of consumption. His mother came to the hotel to speak to me last night, and I have promised her to go to him this evening."

"This evening!" cried the Colonel, aghast. "You mean to leave me this evening!"

"To go to a dying child, yes, Colonel Benyon," the nurse answered, reproachfully. "There is so little that I can do for you now—for I suppose you may be trusted to take your medicines regularly—you really do not want me any longer."

"I do not want you any longer!" repeated the Colonel: "I want you all my life. I want you for my wife!" he went on, laying his hand upon her shoulder. "I can not live without you. You must stay with me, dearest, or only leave me to come back to me as my wife. We have no need of a long courtship. I think we know each other thoroughly as it is."

"You think you know me thoroughly as it is!" the woman echoed, shrinking away from him, and standing with her face turned toward the sea, only the profile visible to the Colonel, and upon that the impress of a misery that struck him to the soul.

"My dear love, what is this?" he asked. "Have I distressed you so much by my avowal? Am I so utterly repugnant to you?"

"Your wife!" she murmured, as if she had scarcely heard his last words, "your wife!"

"Yes, dearest, my beloved and honored wife. I did not believe it was in my nature to love any one as I love you."

"That any man upon this earth should care for me!" she murmured; "you, above all other men!" And then turning to him with a calmer face, she said, decisively, "That can never be, Colonel Benyon. You and I can never be more to one another than we have been. The wisest thing you can do is to wish me good-by, here where we stand, and forget that you have ever known me."

"That is just the last thing possible to me," he answered, impetuously. "There is nothing upon this earth I care to live for, if I can not have you for my wife. You must have known that I loved you. You had no right to stay with me so long, you had no right to let me love you, if you meant to treat me like this at the last. But you do not mean to be so cruel; you are only trying me; you are only playing with your victim. Oh, my darling, for pity's sake, tell me that I am not quite indifferent to you!"

"That is not the question," the woman replied, quietly. "Have you thought of what you are doing, Colonel Benyon? Have you counted the cost? Have you thought what it is to intrust your name and your honor to the keeping of a woman of whom you know nothing?"

"I know that you are an angel," he said, putting his arm round the slender figure, trying to draw her to his breast.

Again she shrank from him—this time with a gesture so repellent that he drew back involuntarily, chilled to the heart. "Do not touch me," she said. "You do not know who and what I am."

"I ask to know nothing," he cried, vehemently. "If there is any secret in your past life that might divide us, hide it from me. Do you think I am going to bring the scrutiny of a detective to bear upon the antecedents of the woman I love? Blindly I give my happiness and my honor into your keeping. I see you, and love you for what you are—not for what evil fortune may have made you in the past."

"You do not know the weight of your words," she answered, sadly. "I thank you with all my heart for your confidence, for your love; but that which you think you wish can never be. It is best for us to part this very day, this very moment. Let us shake hands, Colonel Benyon, and say farewell."

"Not till you have told me your reasons," the Colonel cried, imperiously. "I may know those, at least."

"I do not recognize your right to question me. I can not explain my reasons."

"But I will know them," he cried, seizing her wrist. "I have been fooled by one woman; I will not be trifled with by another. I will know why you refuse to be my wife. Is it because you hate or despise me?"

"No, no, no; you *know* that it is not that!" She looked at him piteously, with a look that said as plainly as any words she could have spoken, "You know that I love you."

"Is it from any mistaken notion of fidelity to the dead?"

"No, it is not that. Yet, Heaven knows, I have reason to be faithful to the dead."

"What is it, then? You must and shall tell me."

"For pity's sake spare me. You are torturing me, Colonel Benyon."

"Give me your promise to be my wife, then, and I will not ask a question. There can be no reason strong enough to divide us, if you love me; and I think you do."

"Heaven help me!" she sobbed, clasping her hands with a piteous gesture.

To Herbert Benyon those three words sounded like a confession. He was sure that she loved him, sure that his will must conquer hers in the end.

"Yes," she cried, passionately, "I do love you. Nothing could excuse such an admission from my lips but the knowledge that in this hour we part forever. I do love you, Colonel Benyon; but there is nothing in this world that would induce me to become your wife, even if you knew the worst I can tell, and were yet willing to take me, which you would not be."

"You are wrong," he exclaimed, with an oath. "There is nothing you can tell me that can change my resolution or diminish my love."

"Do not promise so rashly," she answered, ashy pale, and with tremulous lips.

He drew her to the old granite tomb, and persuaded her to sit down beside him, seeing that she was nearly fainting.

"My love, I do not wish to be cruel," he said, tenderly. "I do not seek to lift the veil of the past. I am content to love you blindly, foolishly, if you like. I will do any thing to prove my devotion, will shape the whole course of my future life for your happiness. There is nothing in the world I would not sacrifice for your sake. Be generous, for your part, dearest. Say that you will be my wife, or give me some adequate reason for your denial."

She did not answer him immediately. There was a silence of some moments, and then she said, in a low voice:

"You have a friend to whom you are very much attached, Colonel Benyon, a friend who is almost as dear to you as a brother. I have heard you say that."

"What, Hammersley? Yes, certainly; Hammersley is a dear good fellow; but what has he to do with my marrying as I please? I should not consult him about *that*."

"You were talking the other night of that guilty creature—his wife."

"Yes, I have spoken to you about his wife."

"You have—in terms of reprobation which were well deserved. Have pity upon me, Colonel Benyon—I am that wretched woman!"

She had slipped from the tombstone to the turf beside it, and remained there, half crouching, half kneeling, in her utter abasement, with her face hidden.

"You!" exclaimed the Colonel, in a thick voice. "You!"

The blow seemed almost to crush him. He felt for the moment stupefied, stunned. He had been prepared for any thing but this.

"I am that wretched woman. I do not know if there is the shadow of excuse for my sin in the story of my life; but, at any rate, it is best that you should know it. George Champney and I were engaged to be married long before I saw Mr. Hammersley; and when he went to India we were pledged to wait till he should come back and make me his wife. We had known each other from childhood, and I can not tell you how dearly I loved him. It seems a mockery now to speak of this when I have not even been faithful to his memory; but I did love him. I have mourned him as truly as ever any man was lamented upon this earth. From the first my father was opposed to our engagement, and my step-mother, a very worldly woman, set her face against it most resolutely. But we braved their displeasure, and held our own in spite of them. It was only when George was gone that their persecution became almost unendurable to me. I need not enter into details. Captain Champney had been away more than two years when I first met Mr. Hammersley. We were forbidden to write to each other; and I had suffered unspeakable anxiety about him in that time. It was only in some indirect manner that I ever had news of him. When Mr. Hammersley first proposed to me I refused him decisively; but then followed a weary time, in which I was tormented by my step-mother, and even by my father, who was influenced by her in this business. I do not think any man can understand the kind of domestic persecution which women are subject to—the daily reproaches, the incessant worry. But I went through this ordeal. It was only when my father brought home a newspaper containing the announcement of George Champney's death that my courage gave way. They let me alone for some time after this—let me indulge my grief unmolested; and then, one day, the old arguments, the familiar reproaches, began again; and in an hour of fatal weakness, worn out in body and mind—for I had been very ill for a long time after that bitter blow—I yielded."

She paused for a little; but the Colonel did not speak. He sat upon the granite tomb, looking seaward with haggard eyes, motionless as a statue, the living image of despair. He could have borne any thing but this.

"You know the rest. No, you can never know how I suffered. The false announcement in the paper had been an error, common enough in those days, Captain Champney told me, when he came upon me one summer morning, near Trewardell, like a ghost. He had heard of the report in India, and had written to a common friend of ours, entreating her to let me know the truth; whether she had attempted to do so, and had been in some manner prevented by my father or my step-mother, I can not tell. Another Champney had been killed. The mistake was only the insertion of the wrong initials; but it was a fatal error for us two. He came to me to remind me of my promise; came determined to take me away from my husband. I can not speak of the events that came afterward. There was no such thing as happiness possible for either of us. We were not wicked enough to be happy in spite of our sin. You know how they found George Champney lying dead upon the sands at Blankenburg one bright September morning. After that I had a dangerous illness, during which I was taken to a Belgian convent, by my husband's influence, I believe, where I was tenderly nursed till I recovered. They knew my story, those spotless nuns, and yet were kind to me. I staid with them as a boarder for a year after—after Mr. Hammersley obtained his divorce; and it was there I learned to nurse the sick. I was not destitute; a sister of my mother's, knowing my position, settled a small annuity upon me; and on that I have lived ever since. Six months ago I was seized with a yearning to see the place where the most tranquil days of my life had been spent. I knew that Mr. Hammersley was living abroad; and I fancied that I ran no risk of recognition in returning to this neighborhood. I knew how much misery and illness had changed me since I left Trewardell. It was a foolish fancy, no doubt; but I, who have nothing human left to love, may be forgiven for a weak attachment to familiar places. I came to Penjudah, thinking that I should find plenty of work here of the kind I wanted. I had no intention of coming any nearer to Trewardell, where I must, of course, run considerable risk of being recognized; but when Dr. Matson urged me to come to you the temptation was too strong for me, and I came to see the dear old place once more. That is the end of my story; and now, Colonel Benyon, I have but one word more to say—Farewell!"

She rose from the ground, and was going to leave him; but he detained her.

"You have almost broken my heart," he said; "but there is nothing in this world can change my love for you. I still ask you to be my wife. I promise to cherish you with a love that shall blot out the memory of your past."

She shook her head sadly.

"It can never be," she answered: "I am not vile enough to trade upon your weakness or your generosity. Let me be faithful to the dead, and loyal to you. Once more, good-by."

"Will nothing I can say prevail with you?"

"Nothing. I shall always honor and revere you as the most generous of men; but you and I must never meet after to-day."

He pleaded with her a little longer, trying by every possible argument to vanquish her resolution; but his endeavors were all in vain. He knew that she loved him; he felt that he was doomed to lose her.

And so at last she left him, sitting in the quiet burial-ground, in the pale winter sunshine, with all the glory of the Atlantic before him, and the stillness of a desert round about. Even after she had left him he determined upon making one more attempt to win her. He found out the place where she lived, and went to that humble alley in the early dusk, bent upon seeing her once more, upon pleading his cause more calmly, more logically, than it had been possible for him to do in the first heat of his passion. He found the house, and a very civil, good-natured woman, who told him that Mrs. Chapman had left Penjudah two hours before, for good. She had gone abroad, the woman said.

"To Belgium, I suppose?"

"Yes, Sir, that was the name of the place."

As soon as he was strong enough Colonel Benyon went to Belgium, where he spent a couple of months searching for Flora Hammersley in all the convents. It was a long, wearisome search; but he went through with it patiently to the end, persevering until he found a quiet little conventual retreat six miles from Louvain, where boarders were admitted. It was the place where she had been. His search was ended; and the woman he loved had been buried in the tiny convent cemetery just a week before he came there. After this there was nothing left for the Colonel but to go back to India to the old familiar life. It was only his closest friends who ever perceived the change in him; but although he never spoke of his trouble, those who did thoroughly know him knew that he had suffered some recent heart-wound, and that the stroke had been a heavy one.

THE END.

ITALIAN BRIGANDAGE.

AN old and notorious brigand chief, well known by the name of Gasperone, with six of his followers, the sole remains of a once numerous band, was released about a year ago, after an imprisonment of nearly half a century in the fortress of Civita Castellana, and came to Rome. Here the party attracted no little attention, and many an old story was revived of the *papalini* brigands, who in a sort of way belonged to the Church, and who regarded the Holy Father and the blessed Madonna as the head and the heart of whatever traditional religion their darkened souls were capable of.

Pio Nono, indeed, might be suspected, without any great stretch of the imagination, of regarding the brigand fraternity very much in the light of his prodigal sons, whom he was willing at the first movement on their part to receive into favor. Thus a military force composed of brigands made themselves very conspicuous in Rome as defenders of the head of the church in September, 1870, against the army of Victor Emanuel. They were a wild, ferocious band, wearing tall caps and red sashes, and filled the quiet non-*papalini* inhabitants with no small terror. The whole force was, however taken prisoners by the victorious Italian army on its entrance into Rome, and sent to the fortress of the Maremma, upward of thirty of them making their escape on their way thither.

But as far as the Holy Father may be suspected of a somewhat tender feeling toward these, his wild and outlawed children, it must be borne in mind that old brigand blood stands very near his throne, and aids his councils no farther off than in the person of Cardinal Antonelli, who is a native of Sonnino, one of the old brigand strongholds in the Alban Hills. Many a brigand's head, inclosed in an iron cage, has been suspended from St. Peter's Gate in Sonnino; and brigands, whether they died in their beds or on the scaffold, amassed much wealth and lived in good houses. In one of these, dismal enough and large enough to be the castle of a robber knight of the Middle Ages, Antonelli was born. The lad, it is said, early showing great abilities, the father determined to make him a priest, and placed him in the Jesuit College, where he greatly distinguished himself, and finally rose to his present high office.

Sonnino was the head-quarters of brigands, and here, half a century ago, a formidable and ferocious band was headed by that very Gasperone who was released from his long imprisonment during the last summer, and whose wild and terrible achievements will furnish material for romancers for many an age. Gasperone was not, however, a native of Sonnino, but of Prossidi, another village in the same mountain district, and where, in the year 1860, M. About, who visited these brigand villages, found that only fifteen boys went to school out of a population of fifteen hundred. Gasperone was then, and had been for thirty years, in prison at Civita Castellana, where About visited him, and found him, as might be expected, the hero as well as the master of the place.

After a good half hour's conversation About retired, when Gasperone, who evidently wished to impress him favorably, offered him as a *souvenir* a printed list of the murders which he had committed, to the amount of upward of a hundred. The Frenchman, who had on entering taken the offered hand which had been red with so much blood without any repugnance, was at once revolted by this barefaced chronicle of crime, and refused to receive it, to the no small astonishment of the old murderer, who remarked that Englishmen never objected to take it.

Ten years later—that is, in July last summer—this notorious old brigand chief, who had then been forty-six years in prison, had his liberty given him, as had also those who remained of his companions in crime, six only of thirteen or fourteen; and on a brilliant summer day they found themselves in Rome, conveyed thither by railway. No Rip Van Winkle or any other sleeper, returning again into the busy world after an oblivion of an entire century, could have beheld with greater astonishment the change which had come over every thing than did these old-world brigands when, after traveling by railway, they found themselves in Rome, no longer the city of the Holy Father, no longer a city of refuge for the brigand. Every thing changed; the very streets by night as light as by day; the King of Savoy now King of all Italy; even their old patron, the King of Naples, gone; and his Holiness and all the cardinals prisoners in the Vatican, even as they had been in Civita Castellana! They looked around them in astonishment and dismay. The very world had turned itself upside down in these six-and-forty years! Nevertheless, as they slowly walked along the streets, spirits of their own kind were attracted from many a dark den and corner, and Gasperone seemed as likely to become a hero in Rome as he had been in the prison of Civita Castellana. For this reason the municipality ordered him and his old companions to remove from the city.

Whither they went is not known; but, singularly enough, almost immediately afterward the newspapers reported the attack of brigands at Velletri, only about twenty miles from Rome, and just on the line of the Naples railway. It was on the 15th of August that one Signor Marini Giovanni and another gentleman from Ariano were seized, and 12,000 scudi demanded as ransom. But these things could not now be done as easily as in the days of Gasperone. The very demand for ransom set to work the electric telegraph, the *gens-d'armes* set off in instant pursuit, and the brigands fled, leaving their victims bound to a tree, where they remained through one night, with no further harm.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SURF bathing by moonlight! What more exciting and romantic! At the last full of the moon, when high tide came between ten and eleven o'clock, there was a jolly time on some ocean beaches. Out from a sheath of clouds the moon emerged in early evening, shyly at first, as if unwilling to show herself in her glorious beauty, then boldly, in the clear dark blue of the upper heaven, as if in proud consciousness of her radiant looks. A broad pathway of silver light gleamed across the waters, fitfully glimmering with the restless surf. Merry bathers came rushing over the sandy beach, and with laughing shouts plunged into the foaming breakers. What a gay scene on which that calm, glorious moon is gazing! The surf rises higher and higher, and threatens to overwhelm those who sport with such apparent recklessness in the powerful element. But no: they rise above it, each dip making them more eager and buoyant; and when, with reluctant steps, they come dripping from the waves, how fresh and elastic the feeling which pervades the whole system! But however romantic surf bathing may be by moonlight, we fancy it is more healthful by sunlight.

Paris has had a narrow escape—at least such is the opinion of a French chemist. During the recent extreme heat in Paris the bitumen of the streets became so hot that if it had been increased a few degrees, this chemist assures us the city would have been in flames.

Perhaps a more eccentric will was never made than that of one Mr. Bates, of Northumberland, England. He possessed a very large property. By a clause in his will he bequeathed the sum of $5000 to (blank left for name) the person whom he might have wished to marry. In case that person did not survive him, the sum was to be divided between three daughters of laborers living near Mr. Bates's estate. The good man having died, a Mrs. Wilson brought evidence that she was the one he wished to marry, as he had repeatedly proposed to her when she was in his service as cook. The three girls opposed her claim. Finally a compromise was effected, whereby the $5000 was equally divided between the contending parties.

A story is told of a New Hampshire spider that dwells in a grist-mill in Manchester. Not content with catching flies, he lately captured a small mouse, bound him hand and foot, and was hoisting him into his parlor by means of a cobweb windlass when discovered. He had him about two inches from the floor when his proceedings were interrupted.

The *Court Journal* tells a story of an earnest and much-esteemed Highland minister who once delivered a vivid and impressive discourse on the glory of heaven. The apathetic congregation seemed wholly unaffected, when the speaker, in a sort of desperation, shouted: "I know what sort of heaven you'd pe wantin'. You'd pe wantin' that all the seas would pe hot water, that all the rivers would pe rivers of whiskies, and that all the hills and the mountains would pe loaves o' shugar! That's the sort o' heaven you'd pe wantin'. Moreover," he added, warming to his work, "you'd pe wantin' that all the corn stooks would pe pipe-staples and tobaccos and sneeshin'; that's the sort o' heaven you'd pe wantin'!" The congregation enjoyed the notion amazingly, and talked of the long journey with considerable pleasure all the Sunday after.

It will be remembered that a few years ago Mr. Coleman, of Providence, was ejected from the New York and New Haven cars after he had paid his fare. He had a ticket from New York to New Haven, which he offered for his fare in going in the opposite direction. After four years' contest the court has decided that it was a sufficient consideration. He had to fight the powerful corporation four years, every inch of ground being contested by the best legal talent that could be obtained, and he finally triumphed.

About ten years ago a Mrs. Rees died and was buried near Lakeville, in Indiana. Recently her daughter, living in South Bend, and having a lot in the cemetery in that city, concluded to remove thither the remains of her mother. The attention of those making the removal was attracted by the unusual weight of a coffin which was supposed to contain, at most, only a skeleton. The lid was removed, and the whole body was found to be in a perfect state of preservation, and almost as natural in appearance as when first placed in the narrow house. The burial clothes retained their shape, the folded hands their position, and not the least visible diminution in size had taken place, while the weight had considerably increased. Not the least unpleasant odor could be detected, nor was there any thing to cause a repulsive feeling, but, on the contrary, the appearance was more like that of a quiet sleep. It was found that petrification had not taken place, but that the flesh had changed to *adipocere*, or fatty wax—a condition more wonderful than petrification, and a substance first discovered by Fourcroy in 1787.

Mazzini's grandniece, a young lady of considerable literary ability, and at present an art critic of a daily paper at Turin, will inherit his large fortune.

A Madame Keller, of St. Gallen, is one of the principal "marksmen" at the Swiss national rifle meeting at Zurich. This is her second year's campaign.

Scolding is dangerous business. A New Orleans woman, having wearied out the whole family with her ceaseless "jawing," was mildly reproved by her husband. She opened her mouth for an angry reply, when a sudden spasm contracted her cheek, her jaw fell, and she could neither speak nor shut her mouth. She had dislocated her jaw-bone. A surgeon was called, but her husband is now enjoying the quietest time he has known for forty years.

It is mentioned as a proof of the esteem in which Dr. Macleod was held by the Prince of Wales that his Royal Highness frequently invited him to his house, and always paid him the honor of personally seeing him to the door on his retirement.

An old edition of Shakspeare was sold at auction in Dublin a few years ago for 25s. A week afterward it was again sold for £50; and recently in London it brought £400. It proved to be the first folio edition of Shakspeare.

The remarkable success which has attended the Rivington Street industrial school, in this city, is referred in a great measure to the influence of flowers. The school was opened about four years ago, and the juveniles who attended were wild and incorrigible. It was almost impossible for the teachers to keep the semblance of order. Now the school is one of the most orderly and prosperous in the city. Plants and flowers have been given weekly to the pupils as rewards for punctuality, good conduct, and progress in study, and the desire to obtain them has been remarkable. Thousands of beautiful plants have thus been distributed throughout one of the poorest sections of the city. Attic and basement windows gleam with bright blossoms—a cheering sight amidst the sorrow and darkness that often cling to the abodes of the poor.

A week or two ago we chanced to meet in a hotel at one of our watering-places a young Japanese, who came to this country with the embassy about six months ago. The guests of the hotel became quite interested in him, and learned somewhat of his personal history from his own lips, though he had not made progress enough in the English language to construct sentences easily. He was to spend three years in this country, learning the language, the manners and customs, and every thing else that might be useful to him. For four months he has been under the private tuition of a lady, who talks with him and for him, instructs him from books, and gives him information about divers matters. He has proved an apt pupil. But this young Japanese is of high rank in his own country, and has been accustomed to be waited upon by servants, and in Japan women are expected to show deference to men; therefore it has been not a little difficult for his teacher to make him understand that in this country gentlemen pay little attentions to ladies. Miss S—— told us that the first time they went out together on a rainy day he gave her the umbrella to hold over *him*. When she informed him that in America a gentleman usually held the umbrella over the lady's bonnet he seemed both puzzled and amused, and walked along performing the duty as well as he could, but laughing to himself, and repeating, "First time, first time." He is very anxious to learn the customs of society, and often inquires, "Was I impolite?"

Railroad conductors and engineers should receive credit for the heroic deeds they often perform. On a recent train from Rutland to Troy, after turning a curve near Eagle Bridge, the engineer, Henry Connor, saw a child playing on the track, unconscious of danger. It was too late to stop the engine, and he clambered along the side to the cow-catcher, and caught the child by the clothing and threw him off the track just in time to save him from the wheels. The train was stopped, and the child picked up and restored in safety to his parents.

The hotels at Narraganset Pier constitute the principal feature of the watering-place. Along the shore for nearly a mile are scattered some twenty hotels—some of them small and unpretentious, others such as would do credit to any summer resort. In front of the hotels is one of the finest beaches in the country, and bathing-houses without number. Most of the hotels are but a few rods from the ocean, which renders the bathing very convenient.

A good story is told of Daniel Webster, when once dining with a Boston merchant. A dusty old bottle of wine had been carefully decanted, and Mr. Webster's glass filled.

"How do you like it, Mr. Webster?" said the host, holding his own glass up to the light.

"I think it a fine specimen of old port."

"Now you can't guess what that cost me?" said the host.

"Surely not," said Mr. Webster. "I only know that it is excellent."

"Well, now, I can tell you, for I made a careful estimate the other day. When I add the interest to the first price, I find that it cost me the sum of just one dollar and twenty cents per glass!"

"Good gracious! you don't say so!" said Mr. Webster; and then draining his glass, he hastily presented it again, with the remark,

"Fill up again as quick as you can, for I want to stop that confounded interest."

The Lelands are a family of hotel-keepers, every man of them having devoted himself to this business. They have been connected with no less than thirteen hotels, among which are the Astor, the Clinton, the Metropolitan, the St. Charles, the Sturtevant, and the Westchester House, of this city; the Grand Union, the Clarendon, and the Columbian, of Saratoga; the Occidental, of San Francisco; the Springfield House; and the Ocean Hotel, Long Branch.

Something is the matter with the sun, and to this is referred our unusual hot weather. Scientists are trying to solve the fiery problem, and though common people can not understand the matter very well, it is a comfortable reflection that learned investigations are constantly being made, and that possibly we shall be seasonably informed of any serious danger that is to befall our earth. Just at present we are only told that "the chromatosphere is completely invaded by the vapor of magnesium." Hence the unusual summer heats.

Sea bathing is not a universal panacea, and should not be indulged in rashly nor to excess. Yet to many persons it is a refreshing tonic. But the bath must be of short duration to secure a proper reaction. A prolonged stay in cold water diminishes vital power, prevents reaction, and occasions headaches, cramps, etc. The bath should be from four to six minutes—a quarter of an hour at the very utmost. The weaker the bather and the colder the water, the shorter should the bath be. If after vigorous friction, and dressing himself, the bather then experiences a feeling of grateful warmth, he may consider the bath beneficial; but if he can not get warm, if the reaction does not readily take place, he may know that he has staid too long, or that the temperature of the water was too cold for him, or that sea bathing is not adapted to the actual condition of his health. To those with whom it agrees sea bathing is a powerful medication, rendering digestion and absorption more active, and giving new energy to all the functions. Yet it is not suited to every system, and not unfrequently causes serious trouble. Hence it should be employed cautiously.

An old French officer was relating the story of a battle with the Prussians in the late war, when he was greatly annoyed by the constant interruptions of a forward young lieutenant, who had his knowledge of that battle only by 'hearsay," yet continually chimed in with, "Yes, yes—that's right." The exasperated narrator had just reached the critical moment when there was a general action along the whole line. His regiment was ordered to the front. It charged. "Monsieur," politely continued the superior, turning to his troublesome hearer, "it was there that I was killed. Please continue the story."

Once upon a time—so goes the tale—the Grand Duke of Florence proclaimed that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain time should receive a new suit of clothes as a gift. At the appointed hour multitudes of beggars assembled. The officers closed the avenues of the square, compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave them each a new suit. Enough money was found in the old clothes to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called the Beggars' Bridge.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Irish gentleman, parting with a lazy servant-woman, was asked, with respect to her industry, whether she was what is termed afraid of work. "Oh, not at all," said he, "not at all; she'll frequently lie down and fall asleep by the very side of it."

SOMETHING TO BOOT—An impertinent dun.

It is noteworthy that whitewashing is generally done by black men.

QUERY FOR SPIRITUALISTS.—Are low spirits less than medium sighs?

Barbers make many friends, but scrape more acquaintances.

HOW TO CONSUME TIME—Eat dates.

The quarrel between Secretary Fish and the Catacazys is known in Washington parlance as "the Cat-Fish war."

For what port is a man bound during courtship?—Bound to Havre.

Tricks and treachery are the practice of fools that have not sense enough to be honest.

A Sophomore at Columbia whose window is fronted by a room, only a few feet distant, occupied by an Aurora-like young lady, has commenced to build a bridge of *sighs* from his room to hers. It is desirable that the *size* be sufficient to bear his weight.

TEMPERANCE MOTTO—Fight for the right, and never get tight.

Many a "good match" has proved a Lucifer.

Sir Walter Scott in lending a book one day to a friend cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. "This is really necessary," said the poet, in apology; "for though many of my friends are bad arithmeticians, I observe almost all of them to be good book keepers."

A vinegar-hearted old bachelor says he always looks under the head of "Marriages" for the news of the *weak*.

"Why don't you go to sleep?" said a mother to her three-year-old daughter. "I am trying," she replied. "But you haven't shut your eyes." "Well, I can't help it; um comes unbuttoned."

A PICTURE OF CONTENT—A portrait of Patience.

An Irishman referring to the sudden death of a relative, was asked if he lived high. "Well, I can't say he did," said Terrence, "but he died high." Like the banks in these days, he was suspended.

"I'd rather not take a horn with you," said the loafer to the mad bull; but the bull insisted on treating him to two, and the loafer got quite high.

GOOD LIVING—Living within your means.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S IDEA—When taken to be well shaken: the baby.

The young ladies of the period must be given to dreamy speculations, they build such castles in the (h)air.

A man out West says he moved so many times during one year that whenever a covered wagon stopped at the gate his chickens would fall on their backs and hold up their feet in order to be tied and thrown in.

A gunsmith's shop is like chicken-pie, because it contains fowl-in' pieces.

If a young lady wishes a young gentleman to kiss her, what papers would she mention?—No *Spectator*, no *Observer*, but as many *Times* as you please.

Albany is threatened with a milk famine. The pumps are going dry.

Chicago is getting to be more of a divorce market every year.

What is the color of grass when it is covered by snow?—Invisible green.

A liberal sympathizer with the working-men's movement out in Indiana has adopted the eight-hour system on his farm. He lets his work-people begin at eight in the morning and quit at eight in the evening.

CURE FOR A BRAIN ON FIRE—Blow it out.

"Send us wives" is the piteous plea that comes from Washington Territory, and naturally the question arises, Whose wives shall we send?

A Chinaman in Weatherville, California, whose life was insured for a large amount, was seriously hurt by falling from a wagon. There was some doubt of his ever getting better, and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company: "Charley half dead, likee half money."

A MOVEMENT IN REAL ESTATE—An earthquake.

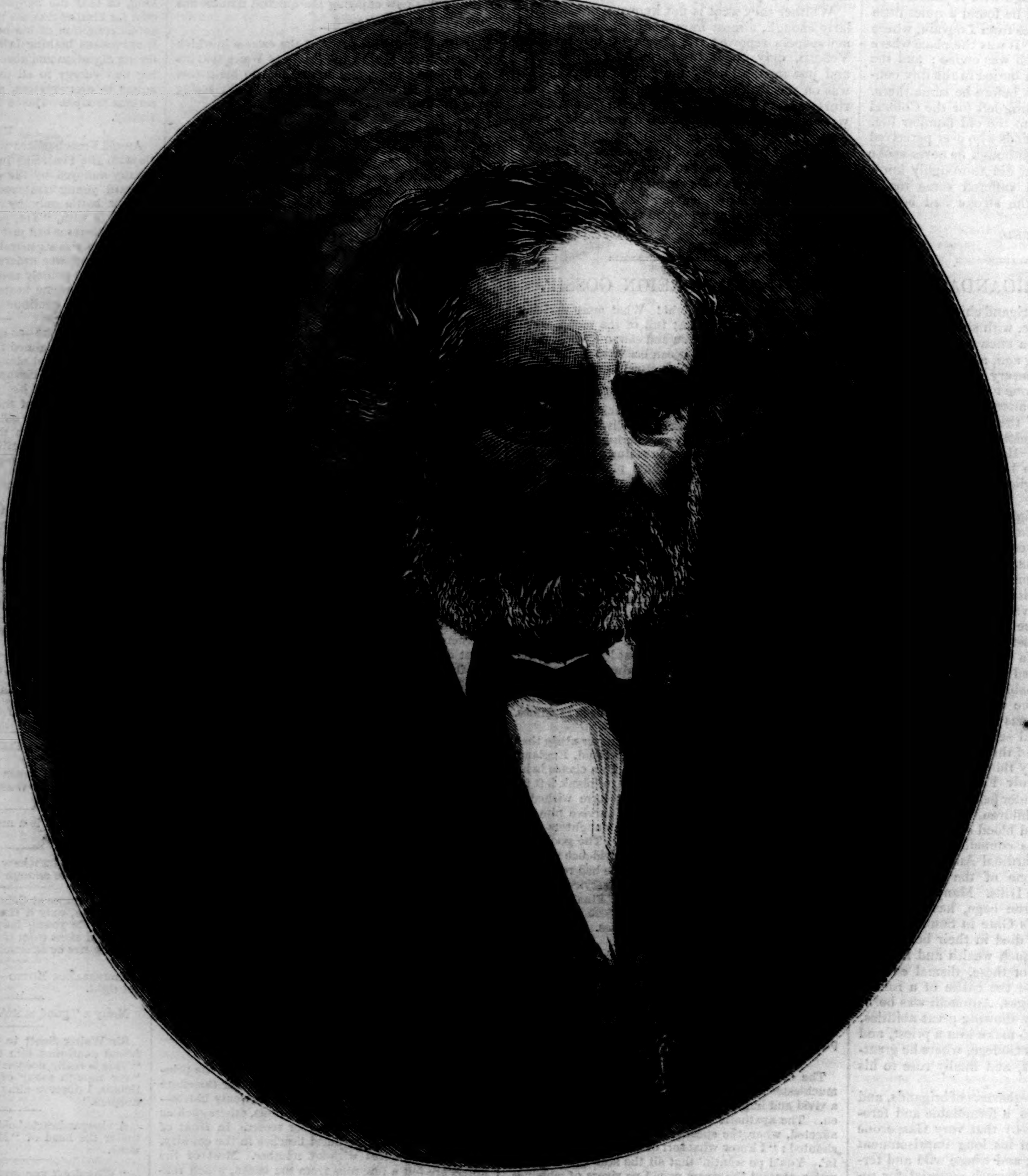
HON. T. R. CALDWELL.

This gentleman, who has just been elected Governor of North Carolina by the Republicans, was born in Morganton, Burke County, in that State, February 19, 1818. His father, Mr. John Caldwell, was an Irishman, who in 1800 settled in Morganton, and became a leading merchant of the place. The subject of this sketch was educated at the University of North Carolina, whence he graduated with distinguished honors in 1840. He was immediately admitted to the bar, and the same year was elected prosecuting attorney for his native county.

Mr. Caldwell took an active part in politics, and was elected to many positions of trust. He was for several years a member of the North Carolina House of Commons from Burke County, and in 1850 was elected to the State Senate. In 1848 he was on the electoral ticket which cast the vote of the State for Taylor and Fillmore. He was a Henry Clay Whig of the most enthusiastic stripe.

On the breaking out of the rebellion Mr. Caldwell was a firm and uncompromising advocate of the Union, and a determined and bold foe of the Secessionists. He remained true to his principles throughout the rebellion. In 1865 he was appointed aid to Provisional Governor Holden, and the same year was elected a delegate from Burke to the first State Convention which was called after the war. In 1868 he was nominated by the Republican party for Lieutenant-Governor, to which office he was triumphantly elected. He was inaugurated on the 1st of July, 1868, and as presiding officer of the Senate discharged his duties in such a manner as to challenge the admiration and secure the encomiums of all the members of both political parties. On the deposition of Governor Holden by the Ku-Klux Legislature in December, 1870, Governor Caldwell succeeded to the executive chair. In April, 1872, he was nominated on the first ballot as the Republican candidate for Governor, and was, after a most heated canvass, elected by a majority of 2500.

As a criminal lawyer, Governor Caldwell stood at the head of his profession in the circuit where he practiced, and in all the mutations of parties never failed of an election before the people when he was a candidate. He is now in his fifty-fifth year. His family reside in Burke County, at his home, in the same house where Governor Caldwell was born.

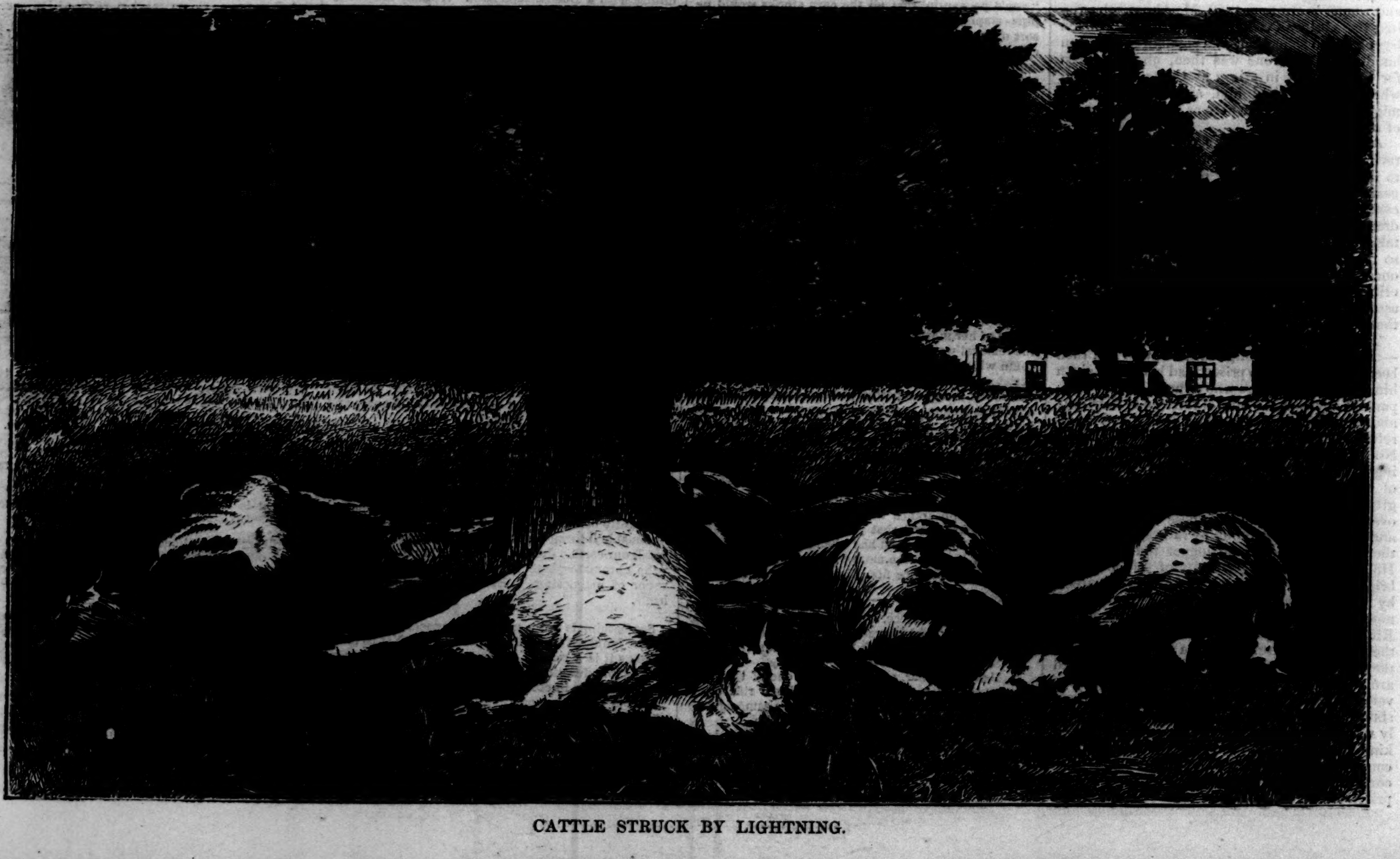


THE HON. T. R. CALDWELL, GOVERNOR ELECT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

CATTLE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

One of the most noticeable features of the extraordinary heated term through which we are passing is the frequent recurrence of destructive thunder-storms in every part of America and Europe. In some places they have been almost overwhelming for grandeur and sublimity. Only a short time ago a storm burst upon a little town in Connecticut, and for a few minutes raged with such fury that the world seemed to be coming to an end. An intelligent observer counted over three hundred thunder-claps in the space of seven minutes and a half.

The destruction of property, especially live stock, has been very great both in this country and in Europe. The lower illustration on this page shows the effects of a recent storm in England, during which six head of valuable cattle were killed by lightning while standing under a tree in a park near Bury St. Edmunds. In other parts of England, also, persons and property have suffered much injury.



CATTLE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

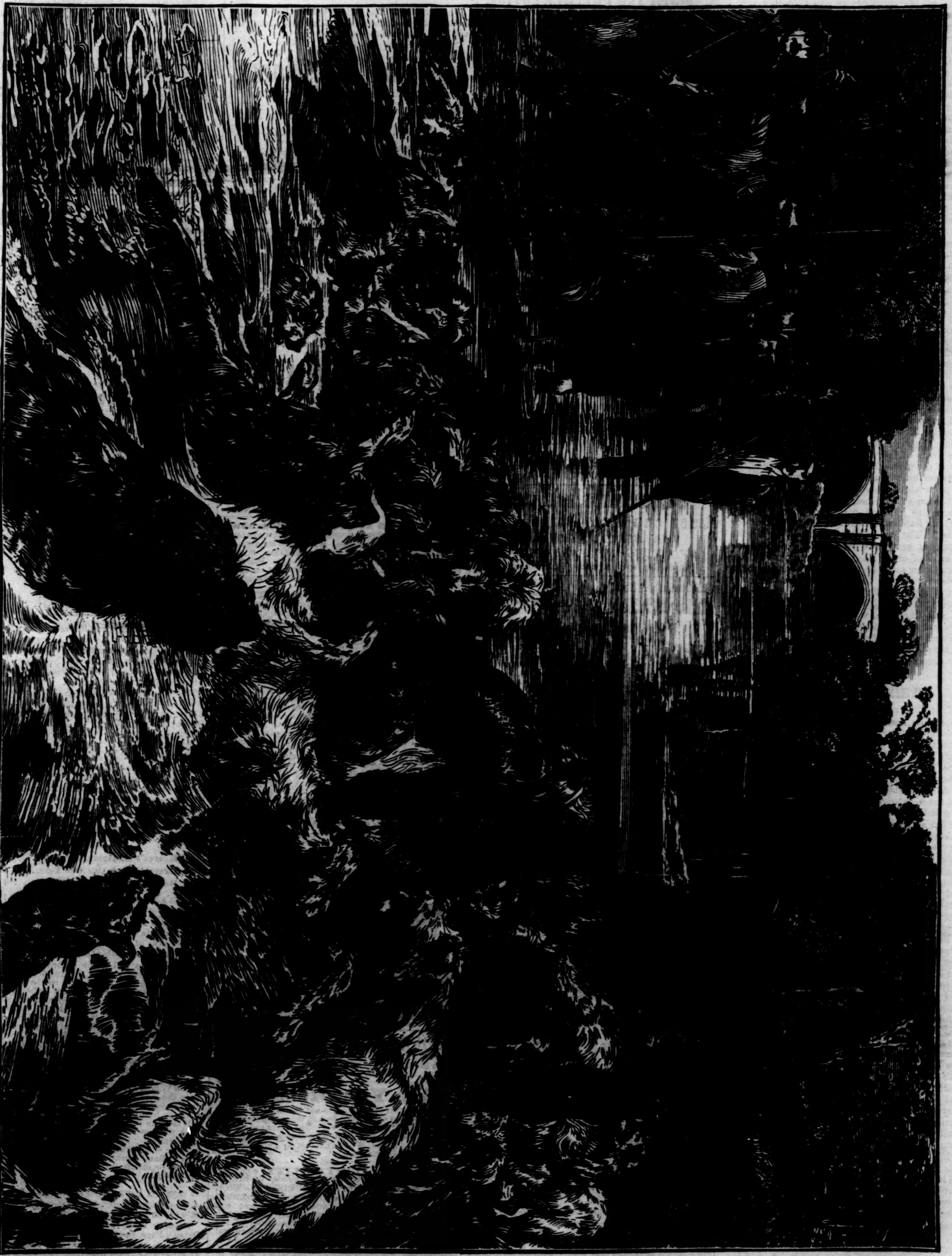
OTTER-HUNTING.

This is a favorite sport in the north of England. The British otter of full growth is about two feet in length from the nose to the root of the tail, which is itself often sixteen inches long, and tapers to a point. He is an amphibious animal, living entirely upon fish, which he catches by swimming under them, and so seizing them when they least expect it. His scent is exceedingly strong, and much more lasting than that of the fox—so much so that good hounds will challenge it many hours after the animal has left the spot. His strength in the water is very great, and his well-webbed feet give him great power both in swimming and diving. He does not, however, confine himself to the water, but travels along the banks of the river or brook, where, in the soft and muddy parts, his foot-print, called his "seal," is often seen. Shy and recluse, he is nocturnal in his habits, and seldom seen during the day, unless disturbed, but lurks in his burrow (called his "couch"), the formation of which shows the animal's sagacity in a most wonderful manner. It burrows under-ground in the banks of the river, making the entrance just below the surface of the river when at low water, from whence it works upward, making as it goes separate compartments to accommodate itself to the rising and falling of the river. Upon reaching the top he merely makes a small and almost imperceptible hole to admit air, and this hole is generally found in the midst of a thick bush.

The hounds used for the chase of this cunning creature are peculiar. They bear some resemblance to the blood-hound, having the deep-set melancholy eyes, long ears, full pendent lips, dewlaps, throaty, full, and deep-toned note characteristic of that noble hound; but here the likeness ends, for the otter-hound's coat is long and shaggy, and of a woolly and greasy nature, impenetrable to wet, which the cross with the wiry-haired terrier and water-spaniel have given him. His general aspect in quietude is sedate, thoughtful, and melancholy; but when excited by the chase he becomes full of spirit and fire, and is really grand. His eyes become bright and large, and his whole manner expresses animation and eagerness.

The spirited illustration on this page represents the end of an exciting otter-chase, in which the artist took part. The otter had been hunted several hours, and at last took refuge in a deep hole in the bank. "**Sandy**," the chief huntsman, set his men at work to dig him out. The rest of the story is given in the artist's own words:

"Having dug about six or eight feet down, they came to some holes, into which **Sandy** placed his smallest and boldest terrier. He was soon at work, for you could hear his smothered barking plainly; every hound and man now became watchful, both at the hole and trench. **Sandy** had his hounds placed well in front of the mouth of the hole, and the barking within became sharper and more near, when in the twinkling of an eye the slippery creature shot from his couch through the mass of hounds into the water, just managing to save himself from old 'Thun-



OTTER-HUNTING—THE LAST STRUGGLE.

der,' who made a vigorous dash at his tail as it disappeared in the water. Twenty eager mouths must have plunged upon the same place, and a perfect yell rose on the air. We were all in the water in a moment, pushing, shouting, cheering, and yelling more like a set of wild Indians than civilized beings. The otter had had a hard time of it with the terrier, for he seemed exhausted and done, and could not keep under water well, and all his movements were well seen, now that he had been driven into more shallow water. 'Jingle' was the first to hold him, but only for an instant, for the otter turned upon him with such fierceness, and biting him in some tender place, that poor 'Jingle' relinquished his hold with a painful howl. That moment of delay was the otter's doom, for the hounds were on him pell-mell. Only for a second could you see 'Old Rudger' hold him high above their heads as he scrambled to a rock, but that was all; the rest was a mere tumbling, twirling, twisting mass of heads, eyes, fangs, legs, and tails. The hunters closed round them, cheering and yelling 'Worry, worry,' but allowing the hounds to kill him as they could. He fought long and bravely, drawing blood from every hound in the pack, until the troubled water was tinted with it. He died the death of the brave, fighting to his last breath; and when SANDY saw all was over, he beat off the hounds, and held the otter high upon his pole, for all to see. He was a large, strong otter, and, strange to say, there was not a bite upon him which had drawn blood, his hide was so tough."

THE ROSES OF PUTEAUX.

IT is from the vast fields of rose-trees at Puteaux that the perfumers of Paris obtain the necessary supply of roses. Little by little these fields have diminished, and at last to such an extent that those interested in obtaining the flowers deemed it time to inquire the cause. The result of this inquiry is that the cultivation of roses at Puteaux threatens to be abandoned, for three reasons. In the first place, because the land is sold for building villas with gardens; secondly, because the roses are no longer sufficiently remunerative; thirdly, because the severe frosts of last winter destroyed the greater part of the plantations. A representative of the Paris perfumers asked the cultivators to name the price which would remunerate them for the cultivation of the roses; they replied, "If we receive one hundred francs [four pounds sterling] per hundred kilograms, we will replant our fields." The conditions were accepted by the perfumers, and these rose fields are to bloom again as of old. At Adrianople the rose fields extend over some 12,000 or 14,000 acres. The season for picking the roses is from the latter part of April to the beginning of June, and at sunrise the plains look like a vast garden full of life and fragrance, with hundreds of Bulgarian boys and girls gathering the blooms into baskets and sacks. These rose fields generally produce abundant crops, and constitute the most important source of wealth in the district.

MAKING LEAD-PENCILS.

THE wood most commonly used in this country in the manufacture of lead-pencils is the Florida red cedar, except an inferior grade, chiefly for the use of carpenters, which is made from white pine. The lead is the well-known "plumbago," or graphite, of the best quality of which there is now only one available mine, that being in Asiatic Siberia. Hence the limited supply and the high price. Many pencils are now made by grinding and cleaning what was formerly regarded as refuse in working the plumbago, and making a paste by mixing it with clay. In mixing the clay and graphite great care must be taken in selecting and cleaning the clay and getting the proper proportions. The mixture, after being well kneaded, is placed in a large receiver, and forced out through a small groove at the bottom in the shape of a thread of the thickness and style required—either square, octagonal, or round. This thread, or lead wire, is cut in bars of the proper length, then straightened, dried at a moderate heat, and packed in air-tight crucibles and placed in the furnaces. The grade of the lead depends upon the amount of heat it is exposed to, the amount of clay used in mixing, and the quality of the plumbago. The lead is colored by various pigments. The wood, after being thoroughly seasoned, is cut in thin strips and dried again, then cut into strips of pencil length. These strips are grooved by machinery, then carried on a belt to the gluing-room, where the lead is glued in the groove, and the other half of the pencil glued on. After being dried under pressure, they are sent to the turning-room, and rounded, squared, or made octagonal by a very ingenious little machine, which passes them through three sets of cutters, and drops them ready for polishing or coloring; the former is done on lathes by boys, and the latter by a machine which holds the brush and turns the pencils fed to it through a hopper. After the pencil is polished, it is cut into an exact length by a circular saw, and the end is cut smooth by a drop knife, the pencil resting on an iron bed. The stamping is done thus: a hollow die is heated, the gold or silver foil is laid on the pencil, which rests on an iron bed, and the die is then pressed on it by a screw lever. The pencils are then ready to be packed for the market.

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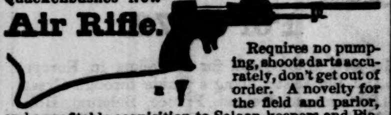

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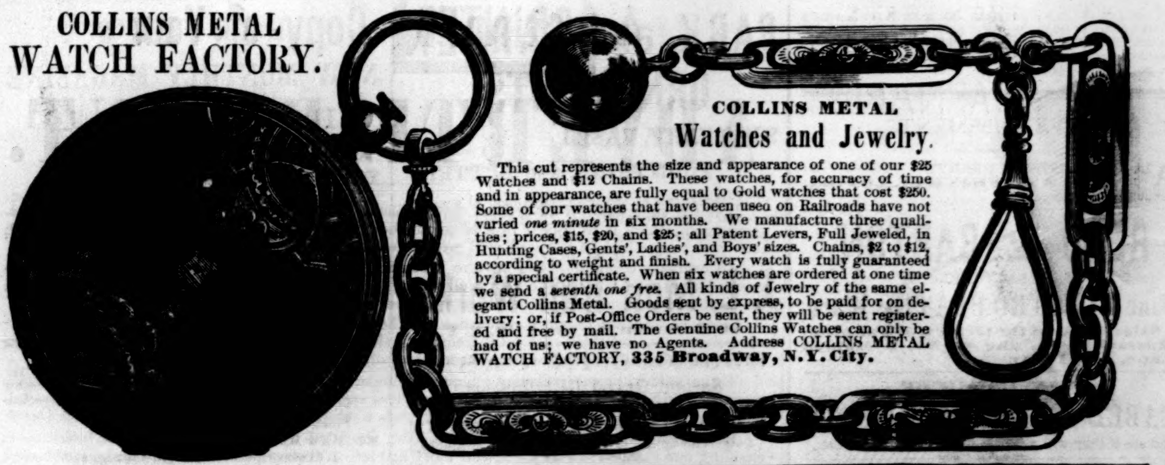

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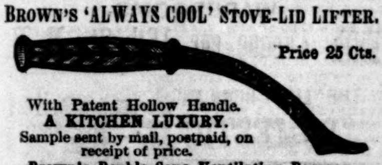

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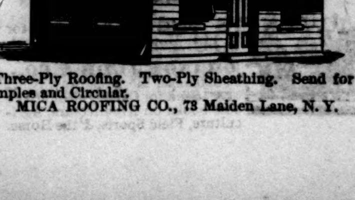

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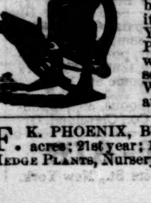

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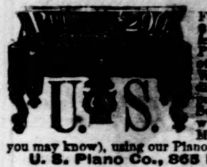

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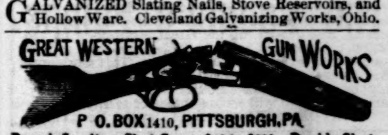
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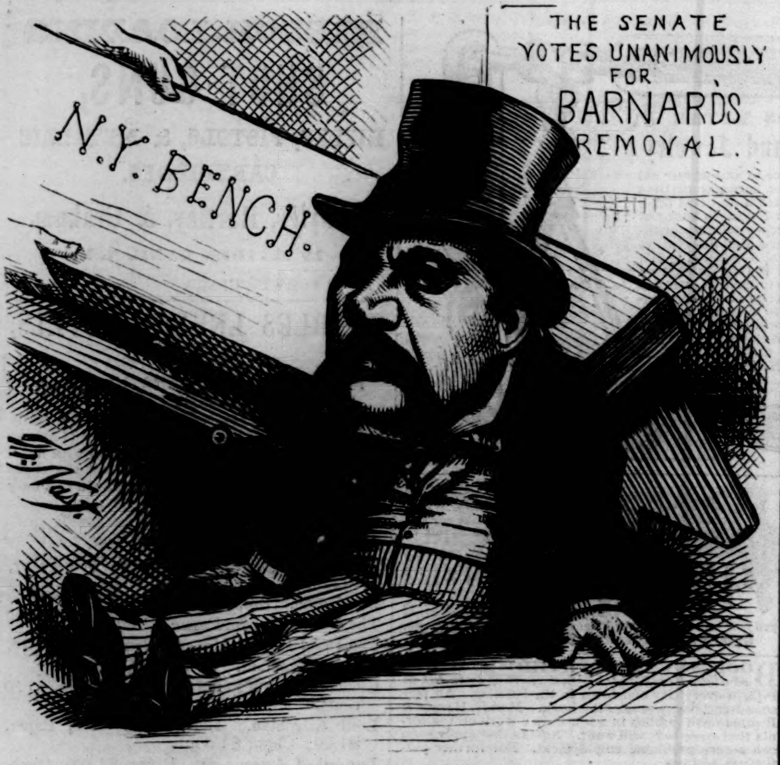

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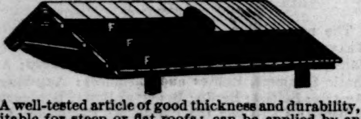

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Ours is the only establishment in the country which has devoted any special pains or study to this matter, and is the only Advertising Agency which has thought it worth while to have a printing office of its own.

Our printing department has now been in operation nearly five years, and our men have thus had time to perfect themselves in the art of setting up advertisements. We refer to our many patrons for further information concerning the value of our facilities.

Address orders to

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Advertising Agents,
No. 41 Park Row, New York.

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J. W. Johnston,
260 GRAND STREET, New York.

Also, Hosiery and Men's Furnishing Goods. Six superior Dress Shirts made to measure, of Wamsutta XX muslin, for $15 and upward, according to the linen.
☞ Six fine Dress Shirts of Masonville Muslin for $12.
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To gentlemen residing outside of New York a good fit will be guaranteed by sending the following measurements in inches: Size of Collar worn; measure from centre of Shoulder along arm to Knuckle of small finger; around Chest, Waist, and Wrist. State number of Plaits; if for Studs, Spirals, or Buttons; style of Cuff.
☞ The Trade supplied with Dress Shirts to Order.

RIZENA.
DAN TALMAGE'S SONS,
110 WATER STREET, N. Y. CHARLESTON, S. C.

It is not Rice Flour. It is manufactured from the choicest selections of the "White Seed Rice," and by process which renders it a superior of all farinaceous preparations. For desserts, or as a diet for invalids, it is unsurpassed.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

Grand Central Hotel,
SARATOGA SPRINGS,

Facing Congress Spring and Park—the best located, best furnished, newest, and one of the largest and most elegant of the first-class houses at Saratoga, with all the modern conveniences and latest improvements.

First opened for guests July 17, 1872.

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Weekly, $1 50; Semi-Weekly, $3 00.
SPECIMENS FREE.
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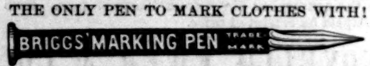

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Sent free, with **Payson's** or **Briggs'** Indelible Ink, for 75 cents. Traveling Agents wanted. Address F. H. STODDARD & CO., 63 Fulton St., New York.

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First Quality only, at Moderate Prices.
Transits, Levels, Six-inch Nonius Surveyors' Compasses. Every Instrument guaranteed. Price-Lists sent free.
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Endorsed by the leading Artists, Seminarians, and the Press, as the
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Prices as reasonable and terms as easy as consistent with thorough workmanship.
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THE "LIGHT RUNNING"
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A DOMESTIC
Luxury.
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Blessing.
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"WILL LAST A LIFETIME."

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(ORIGINAL)
Continental Life Insurance Co.,
Of HARTFORD, CONN.
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SAM'L E. ELMORE, *President.* JOHN S. RICE, *Vice-President.*
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The CONTINENTAL especially commends itself, by its past experience and present management, to those who desire to place their insurance in a conservative company, conducted on the principle of furnishing *reliable and absolute insurance* at as *reasonable cost* as is consistent with *perfect security.*

☞ A few first-class Agents wanted for unoccupied fields.

MEDICINAL TORPEDOES,
In the shape of fierce cathartics are falling into disrepute.
TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT is driving them out of use. It is the mildest and most genial of all laxatives. Instead of weakening the stomach and bowels, it gives them tone and vigor. Other purgatives leave the excretory passages in an unnatural condition, and new concretions gather there, often more difficult to remove than those that have been violently expelled. The Seltzer Aperient, on the contrary, establishes a regular habit of body. As an appetizer and exhilarant it is far superior to any "Bitters;" and its purifying influence on the vitiated animal fluids excels that of any blood depurent in the Materia Medica. And then, how delicious! Sold by all druggists.

WALTHAM WATCHES. *The Best and Cheapest.* From $15 to $400. Send for our Illustrated and Descriptive PRICE-LIST of Watches of all GRADES and SIZES, manufactured by the AMERICAN WATCH Co., *forwarded free.* Goods sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination. H. O. FORD & CO., 84 Tremont St., Boston. Mention Harper's.

ESTAB. 1809.
ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS'
Office, 20 PARK PLACE, N. Y.

SAPOLIO
Cleans windows, scours knives and table-ware, removes stains and rust, and is the very best thing ever used for *general house cleaning.*

MAGIC LANTERNS,
STEREOPTICONS, &c., all sizes, styles, and prices. Campaign Slides now ready. Send stamp for Catalogue.
W. MITCHELL M'ALLISTER,
728 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES and NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List.] Baltimore, Md.

A GIRL'S ROMANCE.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "FOR HER SAKE," "A BRIDGE OF GLASS," "MATTIE: A STRAY,"
"NO MAN'S FRIEND," "POOR HUMANITY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"OLD WRAYFORD."

HE was called Old Wrayford before he was seven-and-thirty years of age. His habits were old-fashioned; he was an old-fashioned, studious-looking man, and what else could be expected? The people of Greymoor had no fine feelings of their own, and did not profess to understand fine feelings in other folk; they were not great judges of age, perhaps, and Abel Wrayford was older than his looks, hence it was always "Old Wrayford" in common conversation. He did not like the title—he had been heard to express himself a little querulously at it by one who brightened his home and him; but the name had been bestowed as if by general agreement, and there was no changing it in Greymoor. Greymoor was a place where nicknames clung to one.

Well, he looked "Old Wrayford," especially from a few yards distant, when he was proceeding along thoughtfully with his head very much craned forward, as if the weight of his new ideas were a trifle too much for it. He did not resemble a man of seven-and-thirty then—his steps were slow and measured, and he had a habit of walking, pantaloon fashion, with one arm crossed behind him, as if to prop his back up during his progress; he was high-shouldered with hard study of chemicals and books, and with much "writing-work" for scientific periodicals in London, where he was better known than in this wild Cornish village that he loved; he was gray-haired even. He was tall and thin, and his face was lined beyond his years; only his eyes betokened light and life, for they were clear, bright gray eyes, full of fire and power still. He had studied all his youth away; he had stepped aside from youth's frivolities, and given himself up to a science which ages its true votaries early, as a rule, and to this rule Abel Wrayford was no exception. He was very young at heart; an earnest, simple-minded, clever, blundering creature, knowing nothing of the world itself, and but little of his fellow-beings; a man who thought the best of every body, and gave every body credit for the best intentions.

He had lived at Greymoor almost all his life. Friends had told him long ago that in London he would find prosperity and fame; but he had a horror of cities, and his was a mind which was contented with a little. He had been to London fifteen years ago, and the place had unsettled him, and made him ill—he had suffered from fever there, and when his strength returned, he had been glad to get back to his Cornish home. It had been his father's home before him, and here he could study in peace, with nothing more to disturb him than the wash of the sea against the rocks in the cove, a hundred feet below him, and not a hundred yards away. His father had died poor, and there did not seem any probability of Abel Wrayford becoming a rich man. He was fond of experiments, and the money which he earned in writing a treatise or expounding a theory for the *Scientific Register* was sure to be spent in new apparatus, or in following out a new idea—very often a fallacious one, despite his cleverness. Had it not been for his ward, he would have even drifted into debt, after the fashion of such thoughtless, dreamy beings as he all the world over; but she ruled his house and home, and was a practical young woman in her way.

Of this ward it is necessary to speak ere we commence our story proper. Grace Edmonds became his ward, housekeeper, and general manager at the early age of nine. Her father had been the senior of Abel Wrayford by three or four years, and Abel Wrayford, who had left his father's home early, went into partnership with his friend Edmonds and lived with him at Launceston until Edmonds, who had married early in life, found children increasing rapidly about him. Wrayford went once more to Launceston to help his friend and be of comfort to him, when a terrible epidemic, which had raged through England, swept away Edmonds's wife, and three children out of four that had blessed a happy but brief marriage. Here Wrayford remained with his old friend for two more years, and then Edmonds, who had been long ailing, broke up suddenly, enjoining his friend with his last breath to see to Grace, and be to her all that he would have been himself had it been God's will to spare him. He died possessed of five-and-twenty pounds, which he left in trust to Abel Wrayford until his little girl came of age; and he enjoined to that trust a sentimental, even a foolish request that Grace was never to marry without the consent of her guardian, on whose judgment, good feeling, and generosity he knew that he could rely. It was a mere wish, involving no pains and penalty, no forfeiture of the little legacy—merely a simple expression of his confidence in the guardian whom he had appointed, and a hint to Grace, as she grew older, where he thought she would find her best friend and truest adviser. Perhaps he was the only one in the world who thoroughly understood Abel Wrayford, but he had been like Abel's big brother at school, and they had been staunch friends through life together.

Abel was a young guardian, but his father and mother were living when he took Edmonds's child back to his Cornish home, and bade them help him with his trust, which they did cheerfully and willingly, as though Grace had been a child of their own. They both died before Grace was a woman, and Grace had been Wrayford's fairy housekeeper some years when our story opens on them. She was close on eighteen years of age, and he had passed his seven-and-thirtieth summer, and was "Old Wrayford" to the world of Greymoor—old Wrayford to his ward also, for she called him father, and saw in him almost the father whom she had lost. He was proud of the title which her love had given him, and often called her his child, and there was no one in the world so near to his heart as she was. The people in the village below them—for Wrayford's house was perched high up among the rocks—called her Miss Wrayford more often than Miss Edmonds, and thought her life must be a very dull and lonely one with that gray-haired, grave man, whose soul was in his studies, and whose lamp, like a danger-signal in the topmost room, burned always far into the night.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW CRAZE AND THE NEW-COMER.

WHEN an idea entered Abel Wrayford's head—and he was always beset by ideas which interfered with his legitimate work—it was Grace's laughing fashion to call it his new craze; and late in the keen November month, when our story opens on this chemist's life, a new craze had suddenly seized on him. It came to him in the evening, when the sea was rough, and broke in thunderous masses upon the shingle below, when the wind rioted without and shook the house, and the rain was hurled in sheets upon the old-fashioned lattice windows. A bitter night for a bright warm fancy, which danced before the eyes of the student like a truth within a hand's grasp. He had been writing an article on color for the *Register* in his little wainscoted sitting-room, the result of an analysis which he had prosecuted in his laboratory up stairs that very afternoon; and Grace was humming blithely to herself by the fireside, happy in his silent company, and not disturbing him in his essay—for Abel was used to her musical variations, and even affirmed he liked them, and worked at his best if she were not studying his peace—when the thought came to him. The pen ceased to travel over the paper, the eyes took a steady survey of the opposite wall, the thin white hand took a firm clutch of the chin, and he began to mutter to himself in an insane manner, not particularly exhilarating to an observer, even to one like Grace, who knew his idiosyncrasies pretty well.

"What is the matter, Gardy?"

"Hush, my dear—don't disturb me," he said, in a low voice.

"Is it a new idea?" she asked, in a low tone, to match his own, taking up the key-note which he had struck.

"Yes, I think so. An idea, Grace, which might lead to fortune, if it were grasped at once, and there were no flaws to mar its successful issue."

"Oh! but you have had so many ideas of that kind," Grace gently hinted; "and there have been many flaws in them, which have led us a long way out of the right road."

"Yes, as you say," he answered, absently; "but don't talk to me just now."

Grace was silent after this entreaty. She bent her head over her work, and feigned to be industrious, glancing now and then at her gray-haired, pale-faced guardian, and wishing, in her heart, that he would turn to the pages of his manuscript. Quarter-day was close upon them, and she knew that there had not been much cash set aside for it, much money saved for it, Abel having been more theoretical and less practical than usual during the last two months. The house had recently changed hands, also, and Grace would have liked to look well with the new landlord as a start off, especially as that landlord was Robert Trustworth, a master-fisherman in the village, who had saved much money of late years, and bought much property in the neighborhood, and of whom Grace would not have liked to ask a favor, as she had often done of her former landlord. But Abel Wrayford was not thinking of landlords, the Christmas quarter's rent, or the article for next month's *Scientific Register*, and he continued to stare before him, until even his fair ward grew a little anxious.

"How the wind blows to-night," she said, at last; and he answered, still absently,

"Yes; don't touch it, Grace," and frightened her a little more. She was thinking of calling his attention to the pages crumpled beneath his elbow as a last resource, when he suddenly jumped to his feet, and clutched the table-lamp before him.

"I shall not be long," he said. "A minute or two—not more." He went rapidly to his top room, wherein he locked himself, away from her, and in his absence of mind left her in the darkness down stairs, until she lighted a fresh lamp for herself, and sat patiently awaiting his return, scarcely hoping to see him again that evening, and knowing too well where his new craze was likely to lead him.

He came down, however, in an hour's time, looking rather wild, with his gray-shot locks rubbed all manner of ways, and laughing heartily as at a pleasant joke, with which some familiar up stairs had favored him. He took a place in front of the fire, spread his hands before the blaze, and gave vent to one incomprehensible word—"Mud!"

Grace repeated the word, and looked at him wonderingly. He met her glance, and laughed again.

"Yes, it was really a craze, Grace," he said. "I thought that I had discovered a new color, a brand-span bright and dazzling tint, and the result was mud, my dear. That is all."

"You will not work any more to-night?" she asked.

"No," he replied, after a glance at his papers. "Lock up my desk, child, and put my papers away, like a careful amanuensis as you are. That was a strange fancy to get into my head about a color. I never had such an idea before, and it was very ridiculous of me, just as I was in full swing at my article, too. But one is led astray now and then from the right track, and the hours waste themselves sadly. Did you say that the wind was howling very much to-night?"

"I said so before you went up stairs to your study," was the quiet answer.

"Ah! I know you mentioned it. Yes; it comes full swoop at us from the sea, and moans, like some one wounded and sore, outside the house. An uncomfortable night."

"Gardy," said Grace suddenly, turning very white, "there is something moaning outside the house beside the wind to-night."

"The deuce there is!" replied Abel Wrayford, rising with his ward. "I hope you may be wrong."

Grace had already risen, drawn aside the heavy window-curtains, and looked out at the night's darkness, and Abel took his place beside her in the same watchful attitude. On the alert for something strange and eventful, they did not appear greatly surprised when a cry of help, as from the beach below the cliff on which Wrayford's house was built, welled faintly to their ears. Grace turned a shade paler, perhaps, and laid her hand upon her guardian's shoulder.

"Did I not say so?" she asked.

"Certainly you did. My hat and stick, my dear—the lantern from the down-stairs room—I'll go and see if I can be of help. I hope it's not another wreck."

Grace brought him his hat and stick, and the lighted lantern which he had asked for. He did not observe that she was dressed for walking too until he was at the door.

"Why, Grace!"

"I would rather go with you," she said; "I may be of use to some poor sufferer cast upon the beach."

"But—"

She would not listen to his reasoning. She shut herself outside with him in the wind and rain, which came at them tempestuously, and extinguished the light in the lantern to begin with.

"My dear, you must go back," said Abel, solicitously. "I had no conception that it was such an awful night, and you are young, and delicate, and unfit for storms."

"Some one is abroad and in danger," she said, "and I will go along with you. You are too near-sighted to venture near the cliff without me."

"Oh! that's nonsense," he answered; "my sight improves, and— Why, Grace, look there! Something is moving at the edge of the cliff, crawling toward us, or the night deceives me. We shall not have far to go."

Guardian and ward hurried toward the figure moving on the brink, as it were, of the precipice, and a man's voice called to them as they approached. An instant afterward, and Abel Wrayford's grasp had saved the man from falling backward to the beach again.

"How came you here?—what is it?—are there any more below?"

The man replied in French, "No one else," and fainted away. Abel Wrayford and his ward bore him with difficulty to their house, seated him before the fire in their warm parlor, and used every effort to restore him to consciousness. Presently his hand wandered to his forehead, as though he were trying to remember something in his sleep, and those who were bending over him knew that he was coming to himself.

He was a young man of three or four and twenty years, dark and handsome, his white hands and his short, silky-black mustache a great deal at variance with the sailor's dress he wore. He opened his eyes, looked round him wildly for an instant, and then glanced from Abel Wrayford to his ward.

"Friends?" he asked, in English this time.

"Yes, friends, of course," replied Wrayford.

"English people?" he said, slowly.

Abel again replied in the affirmative.

"You are always hospitable—I thank you for your solicitude," he said, with a strong foreign accent. "I shall be better in a few minutes, and will not trouble you longer than I can help. You will allow me to rest for half an hour, I am sure."

"Half an hour!" said Wrayford; "you must stay here all night, man, unless you want to risk your life again. You must go to bed at once, and we will dry your clothes by the morning."

"You are very kind," he murmured; "but—"

"But you must let us have our way," said Wrayford, cheerily; "you are not the first sailor who has been dried by Abel Wrayford's fire. We are used to wrecks on this part of the coast."

"I thank you very much," he answered, gratefully; "but if you will allow me I would rather proceed upon my journey—I am anxious to reach London. I am a very—poor—man."

He made the confession reluctantly, addressing Grace rather than her guardian, as though from a woman he anticipated more of sympathy for his forlorn condition. She looked toward Abel Wrayford quickly as he concluded, and Abel understood her glance.

"You do us an injustice in your thoughts, young man," he said, gravely; "poverty or riches will make no difference in our treatment of the stranger cast upon our shores."

"You will allow me first to explain how it is that I am in this condition, and then—"

"I will see you into bed and hear all explanations afterward," said Wrayford, sturdily; "man, do not you know that you are wet through?—and spoiling my carpet with salt-water," he added, dryly.

Wrayford was a charitable and deep-feeling man it was evident—close study of his profession and little communion with his race had not narrowed his heart nor rendered him ascetic. Human suffering always touched him; and the troubles of his fellow-men were certain to arouse his sympathy. The Frenchman was impressed by this geniality, and would have overwhelmed him with thanks had the chemist allowed it; but Abel was determined on getting the damp stranger to his room, in which an active maid-servant had already lighted a fire. The stranger went up a few stairs with some confidence, then paused, and motioned Abel Wrayford to his side.

"I am weaker than I thought," he said, faintly; "I am in great pain."

"Where?"

"Here in my left side; I am afraid, good friend, that I must trouble you for a doctor."

Wrayford got him to his room and into his bed, and then went in search of the doctor, as the stranger had desired.

"This is rather an awkward lodger who has dropped upon us, Grace," he said, before he started on his errand; "one who will be an expense, and who has told us frankly that he has nothing wherewith to reimburse us for our outlay; but we will make the best of him."

"Poor fellow!—he seems very ill."

"I am afraid he is," replied Wrayford. "I wonder if he has any friends in France or England to whom we can write. I will ask him when I come back."

The French stranger was not able to give him an answer upon his return with the doctor—he was tossing in his bed, and singing the "Marseillaise" so very much out of tune that every drop of blood in Grace and the servant's body had become curdled by the discord. He had passed away from the consciousness of present surroundings, and was fighting with fever and with a madness born of fever. He raved in French a great deal of his country, a little of his mother, whom he spoke as of one away from him in Paris; he anathematized tyrants, and he called down vengeance on a government which had cast him down; and then he dashed into his "Marseillaise" again, and sang it worse than ever.

"This is a bad case," said the doctor. "How did he get here, Mr. Wrayford?"

"Well, he came like Jonah—from the sea," said Wrayford, dryly; "and that is all I know about him."

"Well off, I should say?" was the next remark.

"Poor as Job," answered Wrayford, who was great in Scriptural parallels that evening.

"You do not mean that?" affirmed the doctor. "Why, the man will not recover, and who is to settle my account?"

"I will settle that," replied Wrayford; adding to himself, "but who is to settle with the undertaker the Lord knows!"

"I believe that he will soon be better," said Grace, a short time afterward; and she was a truer prophet than the doctor. A woman very often is.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONVALESCENT.

VICTOR DUFOY—for such was the name of the young gentleman who had introduced himself, damp and dripping, into the chemist's quiet home—recovered in due course, though he took his time about it, and kept his new friends in suspense concerning his movements—toward life or the grave—for several weeks.

He had broken a rib, he had taken to himself an unpleasant fever, and there were bad symptoms setting in; but in the face of these difficulties, and thanks to the care of Abel Wrayford and his ward, he fought his way back to the world. It was close on Christmas-day when he was enabled to come down stairs, sit by the fireside, and be pronounced out of danger. He received the congratulations of Abel and Grace as he sat before the fire in Mr. Wrayford's dressing-gown, wherein he had made himself at home, after a few protestations against the confiscation, and all of which had been overruled, and he hastened to reply.

"I do not know how I shall be able to repay you for your kindness," he said, warmly. "Scarcely am I able to thank you enough for past and present care of me. Without you both I must have died."

"And now that you are living and rational—for you have been talking the most absurd nonsense for weeks—perhaps you will tell us who you are, and how you came here," said Wrayford.

"Cheerfully," he answered. "It is a long story, and will try your patience a little."

"Keep to the facts, and we shall soon get through them," said Wrayford, encouragingly. "And remember that divergence is an infliction."

Wrayford was in high spirits at Victor's recovery, and probably at the prospect of getting him out of the house safe and sound. His last article in the *Scientific Register* had been a success also, and the papers had been talking of it, praising and attacking it, after their several fashions; and a reply had been called for from Abel Wrayford's pen, which was at work at the present moment in his defense of that particular theory as regarded color which had nearly set him off after another *ignis fatuus*. He had earned more money than usual that month, for he had been more than usually industrious, and the quarter's rent would have been put by for Mr. Trustworth, the new landlord, had it not been for the sick man and his wants. Abel wrote his article, and professed to be listening to the young man's account of himself at the same time; he only caught the salient points of the story, but as the narrator diverged horribly—Abel was sure that he would do it, despite his warning—there was not a great deal lost. Grace Edmonds would hear every word, and would be able to throw a clearer light on matters of detail, if required. She did not tire of Victor Dufoy's animated description of the sufferings of his beloved France, of his fierce struggle with a maniacal few to redress her wrongs, of his misfortunes and failures, and his hurried escape from his country, leaving his mother in Paris. It was the old story of the patriot in difficulties, ending in much the same way as the red shirt and blue blouse generally end, only Victor had undergone a few perils at sea, by way of a wind-up. He had left France, where it had grown too hot to hold him, in a fishing-smack that had transferred him to another fishing-smack, English bound, which had been caught in a strong gale and thrown out of its course, and which, in making for a Cornish harbor that November night, whereon he was found first, had contrived to pitch him—owing to his indifferent sea-legs—overboard when sighting shore. Victor had managed to swim in the darkness to land, and battle his way through the surf to Greymoor Cove, and rest on the beach panting for a while, and wondering where he was. There he became convinced that the tide was advancing fast upon him, and that he was hemmed in by a semicircle of rugged cliffs; and taking Abel Wrayford's light in the top room window for a beacon, he climbed his way toward it, praying for his life, and reaching the summit at last, minus one rib, which had been since patched up by a Cornish doctor very successfully.

"May I inquire what was your profession before you took to politics?" said Wrayford.

"Certainly," was the answer; "I was a student of chemistry."

"How strange!" said Grace.

"Ah! it would have been better to stick to the profession," said the chemist; "there are less dangerous explosions to be feared from our gases than from the meeting of opposing political atoms. Where did you study—what did you learn—under whom did you practice—what do you know?"

Abel was more interested in his friend's scientific acquirements than in his red republican tenets, and he set aside his work to cross-examine the convalescent. He found that Victor knew more of chemistry than he had given him credit for knowing, that the Frenchman was wrong in many things which he had learned, but that it would not take a great deal of trouble to set him right; for he was shrewd and clever, and somewhat of a thinker for himself.

Abel Wrayford took a greater interest in Victor Dufoy from this day; he discovered in him a companion who was of service, and as Victor grew stronger, the chemist even began to think that he should be sorry to lose him presently. Thus Christmas faded into the new year, and still found Victor a guest at Abel Wrayford's table.

It was time for Dufoy to take his departure at last. He had been six weeks at Greymoor, and the place had grown more like home to him than he cared to reflect upon; it pained him deeply to think of leaving it. Abel Wrayford and Grace had both been very kind, more than kind, and his was a heart that had been touched by their generosity. Abel had been as an elder brother to him, and Grace more like his sister than a stranger, and in all England beside he had not one friend. He did not see his way clearly to a means of living in England; he had come over very poor; he and his mother had been poor for years, owing to the sequestration of an estate which had belonged to their family; and in England he was friendless as well as penniless. He was a proud man too, and it wounded him deeply to know that he must leave Wrayford in debt—in debt as to money that was due, and which he was unable to pay. All this on his mind, and a something more, perhaps, which he did not care to give voice to, or bestow more thought than he could help upon, and he going away from Greymoor! Well, the sooner the better, though his heart sank very much when he fixed the day, and told Wrayford that he should leave on the Friday.

"And if I can repay back to you all the past kindness, dear friend," he cried, "if my family step into its rights, and I am less the slave of circumstances, yours shall be the first house to which I will come, asking you and your ward to rejoice with me over my good fortune. I think—that is, I hope, that I shall be able to repay your kindness some day."

Later that day—it was the day before Victor's departure—when Wrayford and his ward were alone, the former said, suddenly,

"I shall be sorry to lose Victor; he is a modest young fellow, and he has been of service to me. It will take time to get over his absence."

Grace knew that Abel Wrayford was watching her very intently as he spoke—looking at her from his desk in the corner, as though he were anxious to learn if she were sorry too that Victor was going away. She was more sorry than she was aware of herself at that time; but she did not care to show any regret for the departure of the young Frenchman even to so old a friend as Abel was. She had not analyzed her feelings respecting Victor Dufoy; and as Victor had simply seemed to regret the home he was quitting, and the kindness he was leaving behind him—not the people so much—it was not her place to affect any particular regret. Besides, she was a woman, and her womanly instinct was to hide her real sentiments for the present; and if Victor did not care about his going away—that is, for losing sight of her—forever, too!—why, it was not very likely that she was going to cry her eyes out for him, or at least let any body think—not even her dear, old-fashioned, faithful guardian—that she was indulging in that process surreptitiously.

"I suppose we shall miss him," she said, carelessly.

"Perhaps he will go back to France and marry the young lady whom his mother has in store for him," said Abel Wrayford.

"Oh! is there a young lady in store for him over there?" asked Grace, more carelessly, although she worked a little more energetically as she made the inquiry.

Wrayford was near-sighted, and did not notice this.

"So he tells me—a cousin of his, with the same blood in her veins, and who has been marked out for him from the time that he was ten years old."

"And he likes her, of course?"

"He thinks that he shall like her in time; his mother is sure that he will," said Wrayford.

"I don't admire such a match as that!" said Grace.

"Why not? It is the best of matches in its way. The young folk have time to understand each other—to grow up together, believing and trusting in each other. There is nothing hasty or foolish about it, Grace."

"No; but it is very unromantic," replied Grace.

"Are you romantic?" he asked, very anxiously. But Grace's merry laugh at his suspicions reassured him, and he bent down with a smile over his manuscript again. He was glad that Grace was not romantic, but looked at life seriously and methodically; and he was more than glad that she was not as sorry to part with Victor Dufoy as he was. Convinced of this, reading his ward's heart like an open book—it had always been easy to read, for she was free from guile, and had not a secret from him, and she never would have, he was assured—he mooted another idea which had been troubling him that morning.

"I have been thinking, Grace, whether it is not possible to render Victor's stay in Greymoor profitable to him and me."

"Is that another craze, Gardy?" asked Grace, very demurely.

"No, I don't think it is," he replied; "for Victor is useful, and the only question is, whether there is work enough for the two of us. There is a great deal of my work that he can take off my hands, leaving me free to write more often, or to go off more frequently on those wild-goose chimeras at which you jest so pleasantly."

"We will say to write more frequently; for write you must, Abel," said Grace, gravely. "I have been going to tell you that the rent—"

"Yes, yes—I know all about that," said Abel, interrupting her; "it is just due, and I am not so well prepared for it as I should be. But Robert Trustworth is a rich man, and will not come running after his money at twelve o'clock on quarter-day."

"And if he should, there is twenty-five po—"

"No, there is not," said Abel, sharply, and looking so firm and hard at the suggestion that Grace did not allude further to that expedient. She returned to the old question, and was grave and demure enough to have deceived Argus himself.

"And is it wise, with fresh difficulties ahead of us, to talk of an assistant, Gardy?" she asked. "Had not the young man better go his way?"

"No, I think not," he replied; "for he will give me time to myself; and I want time immensely. And as for difficulties, I will smite them down, expunge them from the face of our daily life in less than a week, my dear."

"Very well, guardian—you know best."

Grace said no more, but went about her work cheerfully—went down into the village of Greymoor, after seeing Victor and her guardian in conference together in the parlor, and gave her orders for the next week's housekeeping, and that day's dinner, with her usual alacrity. She was in high, bright spirits it was observed by the shop-keepers, and full of cheery gossip with the villagers; and as she was generally light and bright—the sunshine of the place, as of Abel Wrayford's home—it was strange that her manner should have been especially remarked that morning. Stranger still that she was not aware that her spirits were brighter and lighter, and that she would not have acknowledged the fact had she been questioned concerning it. Indeed, she had risen with a dull heart and a headache, she was sure, that very day; and only her high spirit had thrown off the depression. She went up the ascent to Abel Wrayford's home, and found Victor Dufoy standing on the edge of the cliff, looking out to sea, with his arms folded, very much like a certain illustrious exile and Frenchman whose portrait we have seen very often. He was so absorbed in thought that he was not aware of Grace's presence until she touched him lightly on the arm.

"Oh! I beg pardon," he said; "I did not know that you were here."

"You are looking very cross, Mr. Dufoy," she said; "I do not think that I have intruded on pleasant thoughts, and so I hope that I am sure of your forgiveness."

"No, they were not pleasant thoughts," he answered, almost without looking at her.

"Nothing has happened to disturb you, I hope?"

"N—no—nothing particular," he said. "I am going away from my new friends—the only friends whom I possess in England—and am not in good spirits. There, I confess it."

"But—"

And Grace paused, and looked at him steadily, and with the faintest increase of color on her pretty face. He waited patiently for her to continue, and she said,

"But have you not seen my guardian? Has he not asked you to stay and assist him for a while?"

"He has asked me, Miss Grace, and I have refused."

"Refused!" she repeated, in amazement. "For what reason?"

"I would prefer your not asking me my reasons," he said, folding his arms, and looking out to sea again *à la* Bonaparte.

"Very well, Mr. Dufoy," she said; "it is no business of mine, of course. If you are tired of us, it is natural to go away."

She wished that she had not uttered those words the instant after they had escaped her; but it was too late. He looked quickly from the sweep of ocean, flecked by a myriad of golden ripples that bright winter's morning, and turned with eagerness toward her. She began to quicken her pace in the direction of the house, but his rapid strides soon brought him up with her.

"For what reason, you asked me a moment since, Miss Edmonds," he said, in a hoarse, agitated voice; "perhaps it is fairer to tell you: because you have all been too kind and generous toward a poor refugee—because I am too happy."

"I—I do not understand you."

"It is better for me that I go—it is my duty to yourself and Mr. Wrayford. I should be acting a dishonorable part to remain—unless with your permission. Do you understand me now?"

He asked his question in a low, eager voice, gazing intently into her downcast, blushing face. She did not reply at once; but when he repeated his question, she said, in as low a tone as his own,

"I scarcely think that I do."

"Tell me to go away, then—that you will be glad to see me depart!"

"No, I can not say that," she replied. Then she went still more rapidly toward the house, and he did not seek to follow her. On the contrary, he went back to the verge of the cliff, and looked out to sea again, and down at the shingle below him, whence he had climbed one stormy night toward the light which guided him to Abel Wrayford's study. Toward the greater light which seemed now, to his sanguine fancy, to be guiding him toward the English girl whom, in his weeks of forced idleness, he had learned to love. He could not own that passion to the guardian yet awhile, for he was penniless, and the confession would only render him an object of suspicion; he would not confess it to her until he was sure of her affection, till he read in her manner, in her look, a something more than a wish that he should not leave her guardian's service. He took hope to his heart from that day—he believed in his future, and he almost forgot his political faith. Presently he went into the house in search of Abel Wrayford, and found that gentleman in the topmost room—a room which Abel Wrayford's father, a man of studious frame of mind, had persuaded his landlord to build for him on the leads of the house, deep in his chemicals, measuring his acids with a steady hand, and counting every drop which fell from the vial into the saucer he held beneath it.

"I have come to ask you, Mr. Wrayford," he said, "to allow me to change my intention."

"Intention! What intention?" said Wrayford, absently.

"Of going away this afternoon. I should like to remain, and be of use to you, if I can."

"All right. I am glad to hear that you are not fool-hardy, and going away in search of a start in London is fool-hardiness in these times, Victor. What color is that?"

He passed the saucer to Victor, who scrutinized it, and could make nothing of it.

"It's a dirty kind of blue, I think," said Victor, after a moment's reflection.

"Exactly," he replied. "That is the second time that I have been pottering up here in search of a color that has no existence, save in my wool-gathering brains."

He took the saucer from the young Frenchman's hand, and flung it and its contents into the fire which was burning there—flung it with great gravity and determination, and with no evidence of anger in his thoughtful face.

"So an end to the last new craze, and a beginning to sober work, Victor Dufoy," he said.

CHAPTER IV.

ROBERT TRUSTWORTH, MASTER-FISHERMAN.

ABEL WRAYFORD was a man as good as his word; he worked hard after that day, wrote early and late, kept to the practical part of his profession, allowed no new ideas to cross his mind, or, at all events, to disturb it, and succeeded in having his quarter's rent ready the day before Mr. Trustworth called for it. Mr. Robert Trustworth, master-fisherman, it may be said here, was an odd man in his way, and in every body else's way, and it did not surprise Abel Wrayford that he took his cash without a "Thank you," and tied the string round the throat of his money-bag with a savage jerk, as though he were rather disappointed at finding his rent ready.

Mr. Trustworth was not an amiable man—had never been amiable within the knowledge of the oldest inhabitant of Greymoor. Old folk in the place remembered him as the surliest young man who had ever served his time on a fishing-smack, and told strange stories of his fierceness and hardness, and doubted, more than one of them, how Robert Trustworth had contrived to earn money enough to set up in business for himself, have a ship of his own, and purchase a little house property about his native place. There were ugly whispers concerning the money that had been made from wrecking in that part of Cornwall; cruel stories of false lights luring confiding craft to the rocks, and cargoes mysteriously disappearing before the morning showed the wreck upon the coast; and Robert Trustworth, in his youth, was supposed to have made his penny from this noble little game—only supposed, for no one had any proof to bring against his character; and when he married, and settled down in life—shortly afterward settling his wife by hard words and harder treatment, spiteful people said again—he was always ready to explain how he had saved his money, even to launch into details concerning the process, being a trifle boastful at most times and seasons.

He had earned his money by speculating, he said—by taking shares in public companies when they were starting fresh. London, and friends of his in London, gave him private information as to which were good and which were bad. He made no secret of how he got on in life, bought his own ship, his nets, his house property—it was only common-sense, not education, fine manners, nor any thing of that sort. He had been known even to draw a comparison at times between himself and that old Wrayford, although old Wrayford was four or five years his junior.

"Look at that old man with his eddication, and his shutting hisself up in the house on the hill away from every body, and his airs and graces, and dodges and ideas, that never come to any thing but grief; and then look at me, sound and prosperous, and say who's got on best in the world!" he would say at times, as if Abel Wrayford preyed upon his mind, or the airs and graces to which he had referred had, at one time or another, jarred upon his susceptibilities. Be this as it may, certain it was that he did not like Abel Wrayford, and even envied him the good name of the village, and the respect which his contemporaries paid him; and certain it was, also, that, as dislike breeds dislike, so Abel Wrayford did not love Robert Trustworth, or admire that kind of plain-speaking which Trustworth called his frankness, and Wrayford, in excited moments, his infernal impudence.

Therefore, after the rent was paid that morning, Mr. Wrayford seemed waiting a little anxiously for the pleasure of wishing Mr. Robert Trustworth a good-afternoon. But Robert Trustworth was not disposed, upon that particular afternoon, to depart upon his way; he sat with his back to the window, taking up, with his broad, burly form, all the light which Mr. Wrayford wanted for himself, and staring stolidly at the chemist.

"You're doing pretty well, I s'pose?" he said at last.

"Yes, pretty well," was the laconic answer.

"Any thing new?"

"Nothing new," was the reply.

"Ah!"

Mr. Wrayford fidgeted with the papers on his desk, and made no attempt to lead the conversation. Trustworth continued to stare in a very extraordinary manner at his tenant.

"How's Grace?" he jerked forth, suddenly.

"Who?" inquired Abel.

"Grace Edmonds—your ward as is—you know."

"Oh, she is pretty well, thank you."

Mr. Wrayford knit his brows a little as he replied. He did not relish the allusion, or the friendly manner in which Trustworth had mentioned his ward's name.

"And that furrin chap—is he about still?"

"Yes. He is my assistant."

"Ah, so I've heard," said Trustworth, carelessly. "I s'pose you look after him and her a bit?"

"What the devil do you mean by that?"

Wrayford lost his temper at this last question of the master-fisherman, and showed that he lost his temper, too, by the strange, sharp expression of his features. He felt himself insulted, and he was quick to betray the disagreeable impression which Trustworth had created.

"I should, if I was in your place. As a dooty—and a doubt. Them French chaps are allers full of their monkey-tricks, you know."

"I don't know."

"He's young, and she's young; and though she ought to look above him, still there's no telling what is likely to get into a woman's head. But she's a nice gal, mind you."

"Do you mind getting a little more out of the light?" asked Abel Wrayford, setting himself to his desk. "I am pressed for time to-night, Mr. Trustworth, and have a long paper to finish."

"I sha'n't keep you much longer. Look'ee here."

Wrayford looked at his tormentor, who had suddenly begun to clinch his fist, and to hammer at the broad horny palm of his left hand.

"Well, I'm looking."

"I don't think any harm of your ward, and lots of what's good."

"Is it any particular business of yours?"

"Yes, for I'm interested in her."

"Thank you?" answered Wrayford.

"Interested in her more than you thinks, old man."

"Confo—go on! What have you to say, Robert Trustworth, that you worry me like this?" cried Wrayford. "Has any thing happened? Have you any bad news for me?"

"Bad news!—no, I ain't."

"Then, for Heaven's sake, get away to your fish, and leave me to my work!"

"I ain't got no fish to go to," said Trustworth, surlily, "till I sails out with the moon to-night. I want to talk to you about your ward. I likes her."

"Eh?"

"I say I likes her," shouted Trustworth. "I spose that's English, and you're not any deafer than usual, Wrayford. Oh, she knows it well enough, and you ought to know it too, if you had any eyes for any thing save that silly work of yourn. I've liked her from a child; and as she's growed and growed, so I've said and said to myself, 'If ever that gal gets to be a woman, and goes on well, I'll make her a good offer.' It's been a kind of waiting of her that I have been, Wrayford. There, that's frank."

Wrayford had just breath enough to gasp out, "Yes, it's frank—damned frank!"

"You know my position in this place," he continued; "what I am, what I have come to by my henergy. This house I bought when old Selwyn died, you know, and that there row down by the little jetty in the village; and my ship's my own, and three hundred pound worth of nets; and there ain't a mortgage nowhere. I'm as good a man—I dare say a better man—than any one in Greymoor, and a catch for any woman. It's a chance for Grace; she's young, but I am only two-and-forty myself, Wrayford, and full of health and sperits. It mayn't strike her at fust, but she will get used to the notion, for it's a good chance that lots of gals would jump at. Why, the widder at the 'Lobster Inn' has been a-jumping at it ever since I buried Mrs. T."

Wrayford had ceased to pay any attention to this self-eulogium. He had made a savage dash at the ink, and commenced writing; and to Robert Trustworth's fancy it seemed as if the student were taking down in black and white all those qualifications on which he had waxed eloquent. But Wrayford was trying to write him down—to forget that this obnoxious individual had obtruded into his presence; and although the effort was an impossibility, he contrived to write with great rapidity sentence after sentence of a vague and incomprehensible character. When there was a pause Wrayford looked up at the big, evil-looking man by the window.

"You wish to marry my Grace?"

"Well, I don't think you can make a mistake there."

"When she has given you her consent to the match you can call for mine. Good-afternoon."

"Then you've no objection?"

"Man, I will tell you my objection afterward, if it ever come to mine! If Grace give you her answer, a flat and decisive No, there will not be any occasion for us to talk of this again."

"Oh yes, there will."

"I tell you there will not!" cried Wrayford, with more fierceness, and bringing his hand smartly down upon the desk. "Can you not see that?"

"Blest if I can. You don't mean to say—"

"I say nothing more, Robert Trustworth. I would rather not speak out all that is in my thoughts at present—I am too excited. I have work to do, and wish to keep calm."

"Yes; bu—"

"I think I did say good-afternoon?"

"Oh! good-afternoon to you. It's never not much good a-talking to you, Wrayford; but you'll think over all that I've said to you after I am gone."

He departed, very much like a man who had been treated unceremoniously; and he slammed the door noisily behind him. He went away cursing Abel Wrayford's want of ceremony. He was a rich man, and had made a noble offer, of which the silly chemist did not see all the advantages at present. In good time he would, no doubt. He marched down the hill from the lonely house as if all Greymoor belonged to him; and Abel, who had left his desk, watched him along the sloping path toward the village.

"He will meet Grace," he muttered to himself, "and frighten the poor girl with his outrageous love-making. What an odd idiot he is, to be sure! What a mad fancy to get into his ugly head!"

He sat down by the window in the full glare of the afternoon sun, which came in upon him there, and thought, of all the oddities and inconsistencies of life, this was the oddest and the strangest. An old man like Trustworth—not very old perhaps, not old at all, in fact, scarcely middle-aged!—but an illiterate, ill-mannered, ugly, and bad-tempered fisherman to insult him by a proposal for the hand of Grace Edmonds!

"I should not have dreamed of that man thinking of my ward," he said; and then words which Robert Trustworth had spoken in the room rang so forcibly in his ear that he muttered them aloud. He sat down by the window at last, and reflected deeply, reflected himself into a bad temper, and stamped upon the floor in his new rage. "To think that I should be disturbed by any thing that that unlicked bear could say to me!" he cried, getting up from the window at last, and beginning to pace the room to and fro in a bear-like fashion himself. How long he promenaded in that manner he never knew; the sunlight faded from the room and from the sea, the twilight was upon him, and he was still forgetful of his work, when a voice, full of the music that he loved best, brought him back to waking life.

"Why, Gardy, what is the matter?"

He looked around. Grace was standing in the room, taking off her bonnet and shawl, and regarding him with anxiety.

"Nothing is the matter, my dear—that is, not much the matter. I have been put out a little."

"Has another idea failed?"

"Oh no!"

"And you have not let another craze take possession of you, or been carried off by that old color project, which was quite ten pounds out of our way, Gardy?"

"No. I have been put out of temper by a visitor. But I will tell you all over our tea. Where's Victor?"

"Why, have you not sent him to Penzance?"

"Yes, so I have," he said, absently; "and we shall have a quiet tea together, as in the old times before he came."

"Yes—father and daughter alone once more."

"To be sure," he added, slowly, and after a long pause.

Grace regarded him with great attention, but did not press him with any anxious questions. She would leave him to confess what had disturbed him presently. She saw that he was very different from his usual self, and intrenching on a deeper line of thought, which cast its shadow on a face that had a habit of betraying any thing that disturbed its owner. He looked very strange that afternoon—as if a great sorrow, a great disappointment, were weighing him down. She could almost fancy that his dear patient face had become more lined, and his hair a streak or two more gray, since she had gone marketing to Greymoor. She should be glad to listen to all that had disturbed his equanimity, and then she would tell him something in return, to bring the smiles back to him.

When they were taking tea together, and she was sitting opposite, the fairest and best of tea-makers, he said,

"Did you meet any body this afternoon?"

"Yes, I seemed to meet every body in Greymoor."

"Did you meet Mr. Trustworth?"

"To be sure. And what do you think?" she cried, laughing very pleasantly, and clapping her hands together as she spoke—"what *do* you really think that he said to me?"

"I think that I can guess. He asked you to marry him."

"Why, who told you?"

"He came here first of all with his proposition, Grace, and I referred him to you, knowing what answer he was sure to receive."

"Then it is he who has been troubling you?"

"I suppose I must say it is," replied Wrayford; "and yet what was there to trouble myself about, after all? What did you say to him?"

"That I was very much flattered by his preference, but that I had no thought of marrying at present; and I hinted, as delicately as I could to a man who requires strong hints to impress him, that under any circumstances it was not probable that I should marry Robert Trustworth."

"What did he say, Grace?"

"He was very much offended, but he told me that I should think better of it."

Guardian and ward both laughed at this—the guardian rubbing his hands together in his excitement.

"There's an end to poor Trustworth's dreaming," he said; "and I feel for the man in my way, for I think he was sure of you, and thought it impossible that so influential a being in the parish should be so summarily set on one side. I dare say he has his feelings, Grace, and will be very sorry in his way—in his own heart, as it were."

"Why should he be sorry?" asked Grace.

"He has built his hopes on you; he said this afternoon that he had been waiting for you, that he had been watching you grow up to womanhood—waiting and watching thus, and hoping, year by year, that you would keep good and turn to him at last."

"Why, Guardian, is this really you?" she cried.

"Really myself. Why not?" he asked.

"You are arguing in defense of one whom I am sure you dislike," she said, "and pleading his cause, as if you thought it would be a good thing for me to marry that cross, evil-looking man."

"No, no, I don't think that," he said, hurriedly. "What was I saying? God bless me, child, I would not have you marry him for the world!"

"Robert Trustworth, of all men!" she cried, a little indignantly, "who has not spoken to me twenty times in his life, and has always been cruel and hard—who never gave a kind word to a living soul, and at whose past life and deeds men shake their heads and whisper to each other. The idea is a horror to me."

"Quite right. It is a horror to me."

"And yet—"

"And yet I am thinking of his disappointment. True—forgetting that he was a man not likely to grieve. Not a man who has understood you, known your worth, seen you grow up day by day under his own eyes, a bright lovable thing for the heart to cherish, and pray and hope for, as some good folk here and there pray for heaven, Grace."

"No—his was not a love like that," she answered, very thoughtfully.

He glanced eagerly across the table at her, and she looked across and smiled at him. What a load that smile took from his aching heart!

"Still we will not make fun of Trusty Rob, as I have heard Trustworth called before this," said Wrayford; "no man asks a woman to marry him without some respect in his heart toward her—and he has riches, Grace."

"Yes—he is rich."

"My theory is, that no man has a right to ask a woman to become his wife unless he has paved the way, by caution and forethought, to a comfortable home for her. If he can offer that, if he is sure of her future and his own, then he has a right to speak out—not else."

"I believe that," said Grace, warmly.

Was she thinking of Victor Dufoy at that moment, when her cheeks crimsoned and her eyes sought the ground? was she content to wait for Victor to speak, feeling assured that, when his future showed a promise, or gave forth a hope, he would tell her of his love?

"You believe that a man should be silent until the path ahead of him is free from difficulty?"

"Yes."

"It would be possible for you, Grace—for you are a woman who should think a little of all this, and expect to be troubled by a suitor now and then—to wait for such a man, confident in his love for you, and in that honor which keeps him silent till the better times?"

"I would wait all my life for such a man."

"And yet position is difficult to attain, and the man in striving for it may grow gray and old," said Wrayford.

"Keeping his heart young for my sake, though, and not turning from one getting old along with him."

She spread her hands before her face and cried a little to herself—for it was rather a miserable picture, for all its romance, that she had conjured up; and a gray-haired couple, sundered by want of means, was not a cheering, soul-sustaining object. She was startled by her guardian's hand upon her shoulder.

"Courage, Grace; we may be nearer than you think."

He went away at once to his study on the topmost floor, and Grace did not remind him that it would be better to write on steadily that evening than begin—as he was sure to begin up there—his wild and useless experiments. That want of stability was her guardian's worst foible; if he had been less full of crotchets, less clever, perhaps he would have been a wealthier man.

She did not call him back. She wanted time to think of that which he had said to her—the kind, cheering words which had stirred her heart, and had implied that he had guessed a great deal of all that that heart contained. He was thinking of poor Victor's poverty, of Victor's hopes of recovering his property some day, and returning to them rich; he had seen, with his usual perspicacity, that, silent and reserved as Victor was—as he was bound in honor to be—and silent and reserved as she was herself, they were waiting in their hearts for one another. What a girl's romance it was! This good second father had read the story clearly—perhaps more clearly than Victor Dufoy had—and, with his natural gentleness and generosity, had told her of his knowledge, in his own kind way. It was like him—it was like his great deep thoughts of her.

And Abel Wrayford, in his study, where no experiments were attempted that night, was thinking of his ward, and pacing the room in the old wild-beast fashion which Grace had interrupted down stairs. He looked a younger man by many years that night; his face was bright and hopeful; his eyes were full of light; he flung his head back proudly as he walked, and stooped no longer forward with the burden of his thoughts. There was a thought which had given a new life to him, and strengthened the hope of many a year.

"She understands me at last—she believes in me, and will wait," he murmured.

CHAPTER V.

THE GREAT SUCCESS.

AFTER that night there set in a run of ill luck to Abel Wrayford's home—ill luck so persistent and heavy that many men, with less faith in the future or in themselves, would have given way beneath it. Strange to relate, it did not affect for the worse the spirits of the chemist of Greymoor; on the contrary, they seemed to rise at every disappointment, and no one was more smiling or bright than he who found the world suddenly shutting its gates against him, and leaving him without the walls which kept prosperity away. The *Scientific Register*, a paper on which Abel Wrayford had worked for years, died for want of patronage, after being gradually extinguished by the light of a showier and shallower contemporary. Abel Wrayford suffered with the rest, and lost much labor which had been pleasant and profitable to him; but he was not dispirited. His old publisher, sitting complacently in the shadow of the Bankruptcy Court, wrote to him encouraging letters, and talked of starting afresh when he was free; and Abel waited for the better times along with him.

"The long lane must have a turning, Grace," he said, when she looked duller and sadder than her wont. "You must have confidence with me."

Grace tried very hard to have confidence; but it did not bring any ready money into the house, or stop running further and further into debt at the little tradesmen's shops lying at the hill's foot. Rent-day arrived, the bleak Lady-day quarter, and there was Robert Trustworth to face, and to ask for a little delay, as times had been bad with them. Wrayford asked the favor, not Grace, when the big man came for his money. He asked for it calmly and respectfully, as befitted a tenant who was, as Trustworth phrased it afterward, "down on his luck," but with a dignity which told not of any great humility of spirit. Abel Wrayford considered that he had a right to ask this favor, he and his father having lived in that house for half a century at least; but, as Robert Trustworth had only recently bought the property, he did not see the matter quite in the same light, and said so.

"You will understand that I can pay this rent by the sale of a few books and my chemical apparatus," said Wrayford, "and that must be done if you are anxious for your money. I am in your hands."

Robert Trustworth considered the position for a while.

"Well, I'll let it stand," he said at last. "It doesn't matter to me, a few pounds. I've a good income. Why, some shares I bought last year in the Joint Stock Amalgamated Company sent me down fourteen per cent. last week."

"I congratulate you."

"Thank'ee."

He went from the house without asking how Grace Edmonds was, or without mentioning her name; and he swaggered home with his hands in his pockets, which were lacking in their rights as to Abel Wrayford's rent. Wrayford thought that he had forgotten the rejection of his suit, and had outlived any disappointment, like a sensible and hard-headed man. But Wrayford had formed a wrong conception of Robert Trustworth's character. Trustworth was dogged and secretive. He had taken a fancy to Grace Edmonds in much the same way, perhaps, as a dog-fancier might take a liking for some lovely specimen of a King Charles's spaniel, and he was "set on her" none the less for the rejection of his suit. She was pretty, young, and to his taste. "The old gal," as he always called the preceding Mrs. Trustworth, was hot-tempered, old, and plain, as he was. He had spent a great deal of his life in knocking her about, but he was sure that he should pet and spoil this darling. He could not get her out of his thoughts or think of any body else, although there were heaps of better matches, in a pecuniary sense. He had resolved to try a different tack, and go in for amicability and general kindness to every body; and he was glad in his heart when he found that Abel Wrayford was back in his rent. Grace would think it kind of him to allow the rent to fall into arrear; and, by Heaven! it should go another quarter! Then, when they were very poor, and did not know which way to turn, he would ask Grace again to be his wife; and if it came to No again, he should show his teeth a little—just a little! He was not going to be kind and to keep his mouth on the eternal grin forever; it was painful to him, for he was not used to it. But he would hold on as long as he could—until the midsummer quarter, that was—and then he would clear the deck for action.

When the midsummer quarter arrived, the ill luck of the Wrayfords was still running on as swiftly and regularly as ever. Abel Wrayford might be more thoughtful, but his spirits had not undergone abatement; he was a trifle more serious occasionally; that was all. He spoke very hopefully, though he might not exactly see his way; and Grace noticed with a sigh that he was fuller of experiment than ever, and that the light in the up-stairs room—Wrayford's Nest, as it was called by the town's-folk—burned far into the night.

Things were steeped very much in shadow when the summer weather came round, and all was brightness out-of-doors and across the blue sea beyond the windows of their room. The books and much of the chemical apparatus had been sold quietly by Wrayford, not to cover the rent, but to pay poor shop-keepers who were pressing with their claims from Greymoor. Trustworth was a rich man, and would give them time; the lane *was* very long, but they must be close upon a turning.

Abel Wrayford was surprised one day—a fortnight after quarter-day—by young Dufoy. He was writing in the summer-house—a favorite haunt of his in summer, that he had built himself of lattice-work, over which Grace had trained a hundred roses—and deep in calculation, fighting his way through an army of figures which required grave and earnest study, for they were figures of quantity, and affected the life and death of an old craze which had come suddenly upon him again in his misfortune—like a hope that would not be set aside—when Victor Dufoy's presence suddenly robbed him of a little light.

"Ah, Victor!" he said, looking up, "where have you been all the week?"

"I have been to Launceston, for one place."

"That's not attending to work," he said, beginning to trifle with his pen.

"But there was no work here ready to the hand, Sir."

"Ah! that's true," replied Wrayford; "and, by-the-way—God bless me! there is money owing you too, and you must live, pay for your apartments down in Greymoor, and all that, as well as other people. How forgetful I am! How much can you do with for a week or two?" And Abel felt in his pockets, and found a few half-pence there, which he jingled together dismally.

"I was not thinking of money, Sir," said Victor, proudly. "I am forever in your debt, not you in mine. But I have been thinking," he added, as his voice changed, and even faltered, "of leaving Greymoor for a time."

"Indeed! Are you thinking of *La Belle France*, or of the cousin of whom you told me once?"

"The cousin, Sir?"

"Yes, the *fiancée*—why, Victor, you have not forgotten your engagement?"

"It was not an engagement—simply a wish of my mother's; and the cousin got married some time since, against every body's desire save her own—and mine. I thought that I had told you."

"Not a word. Well," he said, a little testily, "where are you going? why do you wish to go?"

"I wish to go for the reason that I feel I am of no further use to my benefactor—rather an incumbrance."

"What makes you think that?"

Wrayford was a proud man, and had carefully concealed his difficulties from his assistant. He would have struggled on with him a little longer, trusting still to a turn in his favor, rather than have confessed that he was not able to keep him. And now this sharp-eyed Frenchman had guessed the secret, unless Greymoor folk had been talking too much among themselves.

"I can see, Sir, that affairs are not going so straight with you as I could wish—that, in fact, I am, for a time, a little in the way. I am sure, if I go, it will be the better for us all."

"Well," said Wrayford, thoughtfully, "perhaps you are right, Victor. I thank you for your consideration. Luck has been dead against me lately, and, until there's a rift in the clouds to let the sunshine through, it may be as well to part. But I shall be sorry to lose you."

"Oh, Sir, how sorry shall I be! To you and your kind ward I owe all the happiness of my life."

"I don't see much happiness in working on here. You may do better in London. I will run over all my correspondents presently, and see if any of them are worth giving you a letter of introduction to. I never dreamed of your going away, Victor."

Victor shrugged his shoulders and looked disconsolate.

"When do you think of departing?"

"This very day."

"Why, that's hasty work."

"Now that my mind is made up, it is better to break off at once the ties which bind me here."

The ties! What was the young man raving about? thought Wrayford. Was this French sentiment at parting, or real feeling? Real feeling, probably, for he was sorry himself to lose this light-hearted, good-tempered, tolerably clever young fellow.

"At all events, do not leave us till the evening," said Wrayford, turning over his papers again. "I may have something to tell you."

Victor looked at him very eagerly.

"I may, or may not," said Wrayford, "for I am perplexed with figures this morning, and there is really something in them. Do you remember my notion of the new color—the new bright, Heaven-sent violet of which I have dreamed? Well, I have come back to that idea for the want of something better to do, and last night I was close upon it up stairs."

"I wish you every success, Sir," said Victor, regarding his senior almost compassionately.

"Of course; for it is to your interest as well as mine," he said. "Now leave me, Victor, to struggle with an old fancy."

Victor went a few paces from him, and then returned.

"I—I should like to say a few words to Miss Grace before I go away."

Wrayford was absorbed in his studies. He did not look up, or the agitated expression of the assistant's face might have scared him.

"She has gone down to the town with some lace, which, poor girl, she hopes to sell before she comes back. You can not fail to meet her. She will be sorry—decimal eight, ten, six—to hear of your leaving us thus suddenly."

Victor darted away, and Wrayford did not know he was gone. The chemist of Greymoor was really struggling hard with his idea, endeavoring to wrest from it a truth or a fact which might not lie within it, study how he would, and the minutes stole on that summer afternoon without his taking heed of them. At another time the going away of Victor Dufoy would have troubled him a great deal, for he had "taken" to the foreigner; but here was an idea, gigantic, and teeming with material, and it was necessary to work hard before he dismissed it forever—this time positively forever—from his thoughts, or clung to it as to a promise of good fortune which should make amends for all the bad by which he had been beset.

He did not know that hours had passed by, and that Robert Trustworth had taken the place of Victor Dufoy, until his name was called out harshly. Then he looked up and saw—and an unpleasant sight it is to a man back in his rent—his landlord standing before him.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Trustworth. For Heaven's sake, man, keep quiet for a moment!"

"What for? What's the matter?" asked Trustworth.

"I am half-way—three-quarters of the way—toward a discovery, if figures stand for any thing. Figures denote quantities, and I think I see my way."

"I wish you saw your way to making my rent square, Wrayford—that would be a mightier pretty prospect."

"It shall be all right in time. Do not interrupt me at this minute, there's a good fellow."

"But I ain't a good fellow!" cried Trustworth—"I ain't a-going to be a good fellow no longer."

"Eh?—what has happened now?"

Abel Wrayford glanced at him half carelessly, observed that it was a dark and lowering face which he encountered, but he was only half interested. The spell of the figures was on him, and he could not break away from it.

"I saw your proud peacock ward this afternoon, and I told her my mind, after she was too high and mighty to be common civil to me. I made her another offer this afternoon, and was treated wus than ever. Now that won't do."

"How foolish of you to subject yourself to a second refusal!" said Wrayford—"to dash headfirst at an insurmountability, as this is. You should have known—you must have seen that Grace is not a girl to change her mind."

"I've done with her—I've guv her up!" cried Trustworth, passionately. "I ain't lived all these years for nothing, to be jilted and downtrodden by a chemical minx! I'll have her know, and you know—you know, Abel Wrayford," he shouted, bringing his great dark hand down upon the desk, and surprising the student at it, "that I'm not a man who's a-going to be trifled with. If I was poor, and as desperate as I have been, I'd have her off in my ship one night, and nobody should hear of her again."

"Eh?—the devil you would!"

"But I have a stake in the place, a name to keep up, and 'ouses to hold on by, and she can go, and that for her!" he cried, snapping his fingers in the air.

"That's a sensible way of putting it," said Wrayford, his eyes turning again wistfully toward the long rows of figures before him. The spell was very strong upon him then, for Trustworth might have been a dream-figure, after the first signs of passion had exhibited themselves. He was conscious that Trustworth was abusing him and his ward, demanding his rent, and threatening a distress warrant; he was even certain that the master-fisherman had sworn a big oath that there should be brokers in the house before twenty-four hours had passed; but he was dreaming on still, and trying to check the torrent of rage by absent little monosyllables.

Suddenly he woke up to life, and startled his irate landlord. He rose to his feet with a precipitancy that would have alarmed most people, he upset his desk on the gravel, and glared before him with his two hands, full of papers, shaking violently:

"Ha!—I see it!"

"See it!—see what?" cried Trustworth, taken off his guard, and turning round and round. "Is it any thing alive?"

"I see it all—all which has so long baffled me; and there is fortune, glorious fortune, within a stone's-throw. The new color, man, is mine—I'm sure of it! I'll call it Wrayfordine; I'll—don't stop me; don't stand in my way; let me get up to the Nest."

He rushed past Robert Trustworth, and along the garden path, into the house, tossing his arms wildly in the air, and heeding not his broken desk, and the chaos which had followed its disruption. Trustworth looked after him, and rubbed his temples vigorously.

"He's quite mad. His troubles have done it at last, and serve him right too! He's as mad as his ward, who doesn't know what a chance she has lost, the stuck-up chit!"

Meanwhile Abel Wrayford was in his study, mixing, compounding, bustling about with nervous hands, running to and fro from the furnace to several glass saucers upon the table, tilting the contents of one into another, measuring off certain liquids into vials with accuracy, despite his shaking hands, finally finishing his labors with a yell of triumph which it was as well that his friends did not hear.

"Successful!—successful at last!" he cried. "It will bring—it must bring a fortune to Grace and me. The new color is a fact—born of Heaven, one of Heaven's gifts to me this lucky day!"

An odd man was Abel Wrayford, for he was a thankful one. Few philosophers would have knelt down and thanked God for the discovery; but he did, before he repaired to his parlor more composed, although very nervous still, to communicate the glad tidings unto Grace. She was not in the parlor, but she was advancing to him, though his eyes had not seen her from the window yet. She was close upon him, and Victor Dufoy was by her side, his arm round her waist, his handsome face looking down into hers, as his lips discoursed the eloquence of love—of a passion which had o'ermastered prudence, and leaped over all conventionalities in the agony of the parting which was close upon them.

They were coming on together, full of love for and of trust in one another, forgetful, perhaps, of all the world beside themselves—even of Abel Wrayford, waiting for their coming.

The chemist of Greymoor saw them finally, and the light which had lingered on his face suddenly and strangely died away. There were papers in his hands, but they fluttered from his grasp to the ground, and the hands wandered restlessly to his heart, to his neckcloth, which he loosened, as though a sense of suffocation was creeping upon him, to which he must succumb. The old triumphant words hovered on his lips still, but with a bitter, sarcastic meaning, which was the whisper of a terrible despair:

"Successful!—successful at last!"

CHAPTER VI.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

WHEN Victor had left Abel Wrayford, after broaching the subject of his departure from Greymoor, he had gone slowly down the steep path toward the village, in search of Grace. The chemist had told him that his ward was to be found in that direction—a superfluous piece of information, however, he having accompanied Grace some distance on her journey at an earlier period of the day. Grace and he had had a long and serious conversation together that morning, and the result had been Victor's suggestion to Abel, as we have detailed in our preceding chapter. The result of his interview with Abel Wrayford was now to be communicated to Grace; and when he was within a stone's-throw of the village, he sat down on a grassy slope to wait for her.

There was a fair prospect before him, but it did not cheer his heart much, for he was going away that evening in great trouble and incertitude. The sea, which had cast him a wounded man upon the shore, stretched before him, fair, smiling, and deceptive; the peaceful village was at his feet; above him, on the rocks, was perched the old picturesque house which had been his home, and where he had spent his happiest days; and the bright cloudless sky was over all. Gazing mournfully toward the house in the distance, he fancied that he could see the dim figure of the student pass and repass the window of his "Nest," and he shrugged his shoulders, as if in pity for the last craze which had taken Abel from honest work and sober care for his ward.

He waited long and patiently for Grace Edmonds, thinking of his future, and wondering if, in the far distance, hers would cross it, and flood his life with light. The sun sank lower in the sky—it was almost time to think of going away, and still he sat there dreaming. Only one man passed him while he waited, for there was no cross-cut to a second village above him, but a roundabout and dangerous cliff path, which no one followed, save an adventurous tourist or artist occasionally, in the long summer days which were upon them.

Honest Robert Trustworth had marched by in hot haste, with his iron-looking hat pulled over his brows; but Victor had not noticed him, so deeply were his thoughts engrossing him. Trustworth had scowled at Victor, and gone on to Wrayford's house; had returned, and rewarded him with a second scowl, blacker than the first; but the dark looks of the master-fisherman had been lost upon the Frenchman. Victor was waiting for Grace—thinking only of Grace, who came at last toward him, looking almost as grave and thoughtful as he, until aware of his presence.

"Oh! Mr. Victor," she said, as she came up with him, "have you been waiting for me?"

"Yes, I have been waiting," he repeated, sadly.

She cast a quick, shy glance in his direction as the words escaped him, and the doleful ring of them suggested all the truth.

"You have told him, then?—he does not suspect that I—"

He interrupted her hastily.

"That you have asked me to leave Cornwall, and have told me of his trouble," he said—"no, he gives me credit for having discovered that myself. As if I could have believed in his masking his distress so well, or had eyes for any thing save—save my own selfishness," he added, after a short pause, during which Grace looked down and crimsoned very much.

They went slowly together along the upward path, both silent for a while. Victor was the first to speak.

"I am going away to-night," he said, with a suddenness that startled her.

"To-night!" she exclaimed, in her surprise. "Is there—is there any occasion for this precipitation?"

"Yes—he is poor," he answered.

"But—"

"And I feel that I have, in my ignorance—my blindness," he cried, passionately, "added so much to his poverty by my presence that I can not go away too soon."

"Have you told him that?"

"Yes, and he was not greatly astonished. I think in my heart that it was a relief to him, and saved his pride a little."

"When—when shall we see you again?" she asked, faintly. "You will return to France, and forget us."

"Is forgetfulness possible? Oh! Grace," he said, more passionately still, "I think you know that that is beyond me, though I have said nothing—though my honor has kept me silent until now—though I have tried very hard, if very vainly, to hide my secret in my own breast. But there are times when one must speak out, and this is one of them."

"Oh! say nothing to me now!" she said, imploringly—"no matter what is in your thoughts, remember that my dear old Abel is in trouble, and that I am troubled also."

"He has given me permission to speak to you, Grace, before I go away."

"Indeed!"

Her cheeks flushed, and she yeiled her blue eyes from him once more, after a little wondering stare into his face. Her heart beat very rapidly with suspense, even with joy; for she and this handsome young Frenchman by her side had been thrown so much together that he had become the hero of her little world, and in her heart she was assured that there was no one like her Victor. Still she did not betray her pleasure, only her confusion a little, and she said, a moment afterward, with great innocence of expression,

"But what can you possibly want to say to me?"

"Ah, Grace, I hope you know," he cried—"I hope that you have seen how much I love you."

"Oh dear!"

"And loving you with all my heart, you can judge what I suffer in going from you—how I am torn by necessity from that happiness in seeing you, and in being near you, which has been mine so long. Oh! dear Grace, you will give me a hope to take away with me, to keep my heart light in those days ahead which your presence will not brighten."

Grace was crying now, but there was much happiness mingled with her tears, despite her words, even her half-reproaches, which escaped her, and yet which told of his affection being reciprocated.

"But the days ahead of us lie steeped in so much shadow, Victor, it seems mockery to speak of happiness."

"I do not seek to bind you by an engagement—that would be dishonorable of a poor man, Grace," he said, and you will give me credit for not acting impulsively in this. But I am going away, and would take one hope with me."

"And that hope?" she asked, softly.

"Is of your waiting for me for a little while—of giving me time to strive to gain a position for myself, here or abroad—of returning, a short while hence, and finding you free, and glad to welcome me to the old home. Grace, dare I hope as much as that, or have I acted cruelly in speaking of my love at all? Pray answer me."

"Oh! Victor," she murmured, "I will hope with you."

"My own dear Grace!"

Thus the day of parting was to Victor Dufoy, in that first episode of bliss, a day for great rejoicing. He had won her love, she had confessed her wish to wait for him, to believe with him in the better times of which he had prophesied. For a few brief moments—brief as measured by the hour-glass, but strengthening many a struggle in the future—they forgot all but themselves. The path leading up to Wrayford's Nest was strewn with roses and steeped in sunshine—there were no troubles, poverty, or disappointment in the world in which they moved, and all the cares of life vanished beneath their hopefulness. They were intensely happy, proceeding side by side along the upward path, recking not of the jealous eyes which watched them as they advanced, believing not in misconstruction, seeing, only a hand's-throw from them, the difficulties succumbing to their energy, and after that—all glory!

They were speaking of their love for one another, and their courage to wait for each other, as they came beneath the porch of Abel Wrayford's house; and it was not until they had entered the sitting-room that they went back to the real. And then it was a step made slowly and reluctantly, and they did not read at once all the meaning in that haggard face before them. Victor Dufoy said, cheerfully,

"Well, Mr. Wrayford, you see that I have been fortunate enough to find her."

When Abel Wrayford's answer came, the lovers were aware of a great change in him; and yet only three words, sternly and huskily delivered, escaped his lips.

"So I perceive," he replied.

"Oh!" exclaimed Grace, quickly; but he turned to her, and raised a hand by way of entreaty not to interrupt him. She stopped, and regarded him very anxiously now. He was looking very white and haggard, his neckcloth was disarranged, a strip of his collar had been torn from his throat, as though a rough hand had grasped him there, his gray hair was disheveled, his hands were trembling with passion or nervous agitation, she was doubtful which, until he spoke again.

"Keep still, Grace," he said. "Do not interrupt me. I am in trouble to-day, and this man is in the way. Why have you not gone?" he said, turning to Victor. "Did you not say that you were going this afternoon?"

"Yes, Mr. Wrayford," replied Victor; "but not in that ungrateful haste which would prevent my saying good-by to you. I have something to communicate, which—"

"I will not hear you!" said Wrayford, hastily breaking in upon him.

"Not hear me, Sir—not hear me?" repeated Victor, in his astonishment.

"I am only anxious that you should leave this place," said Wrayford, "and never come back to me and her!"

"Great Heaven, his studies have driven him mad!" cried Victor Dufoy.

"Oh! I am sane enough," said Wrayford, bitterly; "and cessation from study has only opened my eyes to the deceit that is around me."

"Guardian!" cried Grace again.

"To his deceit, I should have said, more justly," he replied. "For he has practiced his arts on both of us too well."

"Sir, I love your ward," said Victor impetuously, "and I have attempted no disguise of my affections."

"You are an adventurer!"

"Mr. Wrayford, you know—you must know that I have acted honorably toward you both."

"It is a lie!" was the fierce answer.

"You have seen my love for Grace—guessed Grace's love for me—or we have both been dreaming."

"I have seen only the duplicity of a man whom I saved from starvation," replied Wrayford, sternly, "and who rewards me for my charity by seeking to gain the affections of my ward. Leave my house at once, and God spare me from the affliction of your presence again!"

"Dear Abel," said Grace, imploringly, "do you know that I love Victor?—that this man whom you treat so cruelly is my affianced husband?"

Abel Wrayford glared at her, and again the doubt of his sanity crossed the minds of his companions.

"I—I did not know it," he gasped forth; "but I dispute it—I set aside this beggar's claim—this poor, paltry trick to take advantage of you. You have forgotten, Grace, your dying father's wish, as much as you have forgotten me and yourself."

"It was his wish that I should not marry without your consent, and I respect that wish and you. But, Abel, your kind heart, your generous judgment, will estimate more fairly Victor's affection for me. This is a surprise."

"Ay, a great surprise."

"And presently—"

"Tell him to go—for God's sake, tell him to go away at once!" cried Abel, sinking into a chair. "I can not speak to him."

"But, Mr. Wrayford," said Victor, with quiet dignity, "I must speak to you. You have addressed words to me which, in more temperate moments, you will regret; you have accused me of mercenary motives—of ensnaring your ward's affections, and have taunted me with the poverty which I can not help, and with an ingratitude which I have not had. You will be sorry for this charge presently. That I love your ward better than my life is no warrant for your suspicions. She is content to wait for me, and I will not come again until I can offer her a home. I will not bind her—I have not bound her—by a promise to become my wife. With the uncertain future lying before me, I could not do that. But she has faith, and will wait a little while. When she distrusts me, from the first moment of her doubts she is free from any claim of mine."

"I do not affect to understand this high-flown nonsense," Wrayford said to Grace, "and I do not believe in it."

"Mr. Wrayford," Victor hastened to reply, "I am very poor, but I will outlive your want of trust in me."

"Tell him," said Wrayford between his set teeth, as he addressed his ward again, "that coming here to-morrow a rich and prosperous man would only make me hate him the more intensely. That there is nothing in the past, nothing in his future, which can win from me any thing save contempt for the trick which has been played upon my confidence."

"I can not tell him that!" murmured Grace.

"Then tell him to go."

Wrayford went out of the room in haste; he went back to the Nest, where the bright thought had come to him of which he had been exultant, madly exultant, only a little while since. Now, what a change!—what a long, blank misery, stretching on without a break, seemed before him from that day! He had struggled hard for wealth, but it was wealth for Grace's sake; and now approaching it, feeling that he had only to stretch forth his hand to obtain it, knowing the value to the uttermost farthing that his discovery of the color would bring to him, he had missed the opportunity of winning her for whose prosperity he had toiled for years. She was gone from him forever.

It was dark night when he went down stairs again, and found Grace sitting at the table by the lamp-light, working diligently, as in the old times before the robber came. It was so like home still that he could almost hope for her, looking at the picture. She was very pale, but it was with her old smile that she glanced toward him as he entered. The rival had passed away; would the passing fancy for him, born of a girl's first romance, follow in good time? He tried to think so, for was not Victor Dufoy a villain whom he had unmasked, and whom it was possible that he should never see again?

"You are alone?" he said, on entering.

"Yes."

"That man has gone away forever?"

"Victor has left for London," was the evasive answer. "May I speak of him now?"

"Not yet. Give me time to recover myself—give me a week or a fortnight, Grace, to look this calmly in the face."

"Very well," said Grace, with a long sigh.

"And now let us speak of something else—of better times and a different estate from this. The tide has turned, and there is good luck in store for us."

Grace regarded him dubiously. Was this another phase of that eccentricity which her guardian had evinced that day?

"The color is fixed—the problem is solved, Grace. A week hence and we shall be rich."

"Rich!" said Grace, with a little shiver—"oh dear—rich!"

She saw Victor receding further and further from her as her guardian became prosperous—she saw riches hardening Abel Wrayford's heart, and increasing in him that strange pride which he had already exhibited. Had he made this discovery before her last interview with Victor, and was it that which had made him hard, repellent, and unjust?

"When did you discover this color, Abel?" she asked, eagerly.

"Early this afternoon."

"I knew it—I was sure of it!" she cried. She gave way suddenly and burst into tears, burying her face in her hands.

Wrayford realized the position at once, and accepted it. He drew himself away from her, and searched for the papers which he had dropped upon the floor in his first agony; finding them at last folded carefully on his little table in the corner where he was inclined to work at times.

"Let her think so," he muttered to himself; "perhaps it is best."

He allowed her to weep on, though every sob went to his heart, and he tried hard to sink himself in the calculations which he had worked upon the paper. But he was not happy with the proof before him of his oncoming wealth—in all his life he had not known such awful misery.

"Rich," he muttered to himself, incessantly, as though it were a talisman which kept him strong, and threw across his loneliness, his isolation, a reflex of that brightness to which he had thought he was advancing.

CHAPTER VII.

FURTHER EXPERIMENTS.

ABEL WRAYFORD was not wrong in the estimation of his success. He had been a man of many failures, which he had kept strictly to his Nest; to the world outside he had been shrewd and practical—a safe man; for nothing of which he was doubtful had gone out to the world. He was sure of his color; he knew the right channel in which to work, and where to make the most of his success; he was known in London, and chemists and manufacturers had faith in him. The new violet found its way speedily into public favor; people talked of it; silken and woolen fabrics took new hues from it; there was that glorious proof of success which no criticism can give, no extensive advertising bestow, and only the giant impulse of the public, following, as it were, its instincts, can impart. Every body talked of Wrayfordine; and the inventor of the color remained in his Cornish home unstirred by the murmur of the crowd. He had sold his rights to a speculative firm, and was content with a few thousand pounds and a royalty on future profits. Before the year was out his royalty, even to the surprise of those who had invested in the color, brought him some thousands more; and Abel Wrayford woke at last to the reality of riches.

He did not look any the better or brighter for his triumph; he did not change outwardly; the good folk in Greymoor were not aware at first that he had come suddenly into money. His habits were as quiet and methodical as ever; the light in the Nest burned as late into the night; he wore the same shabby vestments; and when seen in the village or met upon the cliff he had the same thoughtful, far-away look which "Old Wrayford" always had.

Robert Trustworth, master-fisherman, was the first to suspect that there had come a change to Abel Wrayford's home. He put the broker in for two quarters' rent, as he had threatened; he was building on the humiliation of Grace and her prayers to him for mercy, which he would refuse contemptuously; he was laughing quietly to himself at Abel Wrayford's bewilderment and rage, when the broker came to say that the money was paid in full of all demands, and that Mr. Wrayford would be obliged by a receipt. Trustworth thought that Abel Wrayford had made a great sacrifice of his cherished instruments to pay the money, until weeks afterward, when he found Abel bidding briskly against him for a piece of ground adjacent to the Nest which had been put up for auction. Abel secured the ground, and Trustworth felt suddenly that he was no longer the greatest man in Greymoor.

"That old man has been and stole something," he said, with an oath, as he marched out of the coffee-room of the hotel where the auction had taken place. And by degrees it reached even Greymoor that Abel Wrayford had stolen something—stolen a secret from Nature, and made his fortune by the theft.

Time went on; the summer gave place to autumn, and there were brown leaves eddying about the Cornish lanes; autumn succumbed to winter, and to a fierce winter, which brought rough seas and keen winds to this western point of England. Abel clung to his home still, and his ward kept house for him, as in the old days when he was poor. His first impulse had been to quit Cornwall, to launch forth, to take Grace abroad, and seek society with her, but he shrank suddenly from his project, and Grace was glad of his change of intention. Abroad they might meet Victor Dufoy, he thought, and he had a hope in his heart that she was learning to forget him, that it had been a passing fancy which time would destroy if he took no heed of it. He had never talked with Grace upon the subject from that strange day of his disappointment, when the fulfillment of one hope was checkmated by the loss of another; he had told her, when they were verging upon the subject once, that it would be merciful to him not to speak of Victor; that there was no reasoning of hers could alter his opinion that Victor had taken an ungenerous advantage of his position, and that, foiled in his schemes, he had disappeared forever. As time went on, and no letter came from the hand of him who had spoken of his love, Abel watched furtively for the signs of her distrust appearing with his own. They would come in time; Grace would not cling always to the false—it was not in her nature; and when she owned to him that the scales had fallen from her eyes he would tell all the truth at which she had never guessed. Meanwhile he was content to wait, although in waiting he knew that he had changed a great deal, and become a stern, hard man. People in Greymoor said that his prosperity had made him very proud, and thought that it was natural, and that they would have been as proud as he with only half his money; but at that period he was never more humble in his heart, and never more unhappy. For though it was pleasant to him, almost consolatory, to talk of hope, there were many chances against him: he was growing older and grayer every day, and there might be truth and honor in the Frenchman, and defiance to him who sought to sunder them.

In the early spring London was shaken by one of its panics—the money market was agitated to its centre, banks collapsed, public companies shriveled up by scores, wealthy men became beggars, and ruin seemed every where at once. Ruin came down to Greymoor, seized one Robert Trustworth by the throat, and cast him back to his old place. His shares in the Joint Stock Amalgamation Company, of which we have heard him boasting, were the main source of his ruin, for the Joint Stock Amalgamation broke up, and there set in an incessant call upon the shares—calls of twenty-five and fifty pounds per share, until Robert Trustworth was as gray as Abel Wrayford. The fisherman had not borne prosperity well—had not taken to it gracefully—and his downfall was not composed or philosophical. When he had lost only half his money he took to drinking—the idiot's inevitable refuge—and was seen staggering about Greymoor at all hours of the day; and when the last blow came, in the shape of his bank breaking up, he had *delirium tremens*, and then brain-fever, and it was rumored that Robert Trustworth would not live the spring out. Still Trustworth recovered, and before the first of June he was to be seen at the Greymoor beer-shops very often, and to be found idling on the beach with old companions whose society he had evaded in his affluence. It was a great drop, and he raved a great deal of his losses, but the neighbors soon grew accustomed to Trustworth's new position. He appeared to have stepped back to his first sphere, and to the company of the rough, ragged seamen who haunted the shore; he kept bad hours, and worked with a common crew at any labor which presented itself: he was the Bob Trustworth that many Greymoor worthies had known a few years since. Every body called him Bob now, and by a strange whim he preferred to encounter humiliation in his native village, and shock his contemporaries by the rapid change in him, to beginning life afresh where he was not likely to be recognized. Had he borne his troubles better, this might have been heroic; but as he drank hard, and grew a reckless, desperate fellow whom honest people shunned, it was simply bravado.

Robert Trustworth had one paramount grievance in the midst of many wrongs. He cursed the Joint Stock Amalgamation Company, and the bank which had broken with his savings in it, and all the petty misfortunes which had followed in one stream upon him and swept him into beggary; but he cursed nothing so heartily as Abel Wrayford's luck, and hated no one so persistently and well as the man who had grown rich at the very time that his own wealth had passed away. It was a strange hate, but it was a genuine and an intense one. Abel Wrayford made every allowance for it, for he had become aware of it. He considered that trouble had turned the few brains which Robert Trustworth had ever possessed, and that the man's bitter rancor was a part of the malady by which he was afflicted. Trustworth would call after him in the village, would dog his steps at times, and in his drunken moods would assail him with reproaches for buying up his property in Greymoor, for no other purpose than to lord it over him now that he was a poor fisherman. Abel Wrayford at these times would turn away wrath by dropping a few shillings into Robert Trustworth's hands, and the recipient would take them as his due, and go growling away without any thanks for the gift. As Wrayford was weak enough to bestow his alms in this fashion, there might possibly have been a method in Robert Trustworth's madness, but there was no mistake, for all that, in the hate which the ruined man bore him who had grown successful in the world. In the "Lobster Inn"—the landlady of which establishment had set her cap at honest Bob in his better days—he would drink confusion to the sulky chemist who lived upon the cliff, in the house of which he had robbed him, and he would spend half the evening detailing imaginary wrongs which the malice of the upstart had wreaked upon him now that he was "down." It was Trustworth's turn to have a craze, Wrayford would say, dryly, when rumors of these ravings reached his ears.

This was the position of affairs when summer came upon them, and it was twelve months since Victor had gone away. Twelve months to the very day, both Wrayford and Grace remembered, and yet neither spoke of it when they faced each other at the breakfast-table that morning. Wrayford had made up his mind to ask her if she still believed in Victor Dufoy, and he was thinking, even at that early hour, of putting this grave question to her, when the postman brought a letter to the house for Grace.

The servant laid it on the table by Grace's side, and the foreign face upon the postage stamp told of a long distance which the missive had come in search of her, and in proof of him whom she had not learned to doubt.

"There! did I not say that he would be true?" she cried, as though Victor had been an unceasing topic of conversation for the last twelve months.

"Who would be true?" asked the chemist, turning very pale.

"Victor Dufoy. This letter is from Victor."

"Oh! that man!" he said, disparagingly.

The cup clattered in his saucer as he took it from the table, but Grace heeded not his excitement. She had torn open her letter and was devouring its contents. Wrayford watched her, and saw how Grace utterly forgot him, and remembered only the man who had sent this message from his foreign home to her. The light upon her face, the sparkling of her eyes, even the sudden dimming of them by tears, and the quick heaving of her bosom were all against him—all against the last faint illusion which even his common-sense had not allowed him to dispel till that day.

"Gardy," she said at last, "he is well. He is in Italy—he will come back presently to see us."

Abel regarded her stolidly, and she remembered that he had learned to distrust Victor Dufoy.

"He has been a long time making up his mind to relieve your suspense," he remarked, coldly.

"He said before he went away that he would not write until there were good news and words of promise for me."

"He has heard of my success," said Wrayford.

Grace would not take offense at her guardian's remarks. She went on quickly:

"The French government is considering his mother's claim to the estates of which he has spoken to us so often—there is a hope of all being forgotten and forgiven. Oh! Gardy, if you would only rejoice with me, how happy you would make me!"

"You forget," was the grave reproof.

"Forget what?" she asked, quickly.

"That your happiness and mine are things apart, and can never be reconciled together. You will be happiest when he returns—I shall be at my worst, losing a daughter who has cheered my home, and gaining no one's confidence."

"But Victor is generous; he esteems you, and—"

"And I despise him," said Wrayford. "He will take you away without my consent—"

"Oh! you will not refuse that again, when he returns in all honor to prove his love for me?"

"When he comes back, Grace, we will speak of this. I can not be troubled now by your romance. I have outgrown romances, child—see how gray I am!"

From that day Abel Wrayford changed to his ward. He fostered no longer his illusion, but turned stern and cold even to her. He assumed his rightful position for the first time, accepting, before its advent, that isolation which he felt awaited him. He studied very hard, early and late, as though in the pursuit of new ideas he could forget her; and no remonstrance of her he loved could wean him from his tasks. Letters came regularly from Victor to Grace, but he asked no questions concerning them, and Grace, aggrieved at last—as what woman would not be when her lover was slighted?—did not speak of their contents to him.

Grace was very sorry for her guardian's sternness, but she felt there was no power which she possessed that could alter it or home; he had receded from her; he was no longer the kind second father who had shielded her from trouble, and studied every little wish that she had had, but a cold, studious being, who wrapped himself in his pursuits away from her. One day he came down stairs earlier than was his wont in his gloomy, prosperous latter days, and said,

"Do you visit the Lawsons as often as you used, Grace?"

The Lawsons were the only friends in Greymoor whom Grace possessed, and about the one family in that out-of-the-way fishing village with whom it was possible to make friends. Lieutenant Lawson had charge of a coast-guard station at Greymoor, and his house was perched on the opposite hills, by the side of the little station where he held dominion. Lying between the Lawsons' house and Wrayford Nest was the village of which we have spoken so often; and before all three was the great restless sea.

Grace looked up with surprise at the question.

"Yes, I visit them, Abel. Why do you ask?"

"You like their company. Miss Lawson is your own age; the lieutenant is a gentleman, his wife a lady, and there is a certain amount of society and cheerfulness about their home which this does not possess. I want you to arrange to stay with them for a while."

"Guardian!—Abel!" she gasped forth—"you wish this?"

"Yes, I wish this. I am sure that it is best. You are very much alone now—I am compelled to leave you so often, and for so long a time."

"Have I complained, Abel?" she said, reproachfully.

She was scarcely able to keep the tears back; he saw them in her eyes, and would not be affected by them.

"Complained, child!—no. But I am thinking of your happiness."

"My happiness is with you, Abel," she replied; "and it is strange that, after all our years together, I should have to tell you this, or that you can not see it for yourself."

"Ay, it is strange," he answered, thoughtfully.

"Why have you altered like this? Is it—"

"Grace, I know what you are going to say," he said, quickly: "let me ask you to dismiss that thought—that old thought—just now. You are still my daughter. I love you none the less, and if I do not think that your future happiness lies in the direction you indicate, why, leave me to my opinion and say no more."

"But you are tired of me—I know it."

"My dear girl, I am thinking of your safety, that is all."

"Safety!"

"Yes; I have another of those crazes concerning which you used to jest once—a greater craze than all the rest, and that will make me richer than the Wrayfordine; and I think that I am as close upon the secret."

"And there is danger in your experiments?"

"Yes, a great deal of danger—I own that, Grace."

"What is this discovery, Abel?"

"A torpedo—a grand instrument for that wholesale destruction which men call war," he said—"a devilish device, which will hurl a greater number of human souls to destruction in a quicker and more certain manner than any invention of its kind that science has hitherto discovered."

"And you will make this discovery known?"

"Ay, and make myself more famous and rich than half a dozen paltry colors can do. Here I study glory, not beauty, Grace."

"I am sorry—I don't understand, I think."

"No; you do not understand the value of the discovery, or what an enthusiast I have become," he replied; "but you must understand that I can not, for my conscience's sake, let you remain in this house twenty-four hours longer. I am constructing a gigantic specimen for government experiment, and an accident—though I am a careful man, and not likely to commit a blunder of the kind—may blow the old Nest to heaven."

Grace clasped her hands and shuddered.

"And you risk your life for this poor ambition?"

"My life is worth nothing—my ambition a great deal," he said; "my life is in my own hands—yours I have no right to risk."

"But—"

"But I have made up my mind, Grace, and for a few weeks—perhaps a few months—I must sacrifice home for the fame that, I am sure, is awaiting me. And if I sacrifice myself before the fame comes, by a mistake, what does it matter, after all?"

Grace endeavored to persuade him from his project, insisted for a time in sharing his danger, but he was firm, and had his way at last. There was more danger to him when there were strangers in the house, he explained, than when he was alone and careful of himself; and she went away at last, a few hours after the servant had packed her own boxes in hot haste, and fled to Greymoor with the awful news that old Mister Wrayford was turning his Nest into a powder-mill.

"I feel that we are parting as if in anger—that I shall never come back and call this home," Grace said to him.

"That is superstition."

"And you do not love me less, Abel?"

"I love you better than any one in the world, Grace," he replied.

"And you will come and see me at the Lawsons' house?"

"Yes—sometimes, when I am not busy, and I can leave my Robinson Crusoe cabin here."

"And if there is any danger to you, how am I to learn it, to be able to fly to your help, or to bring help with me, Gardy?"

Wrayford smiled at this last question.

"The danger would be past before you could reach me, child, and I should be past all the help that you could bring."

"But you might be ill, or struck down suddenly, and unable to quit the house or let me know. No one comes up here."

"My dear Grace, your nervousness is adding every possible horror to my position. I will give you a signal from my window when it is necessary."

Grace reminded him of his promise when he came the next week to the Lawsons', and he went away smiling at her care for him, and yet grateful for her forethought in his heart. Her anxiety pleased him, for it showed that he had not outlived her affection yet a while; and in his Nest, where he toiled and strove at his new work, he could fancy that her wistful looks were often turned in the direction of his lonely home from the house across the valley which divided them.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RIVAL'S RETURN.

WRAYFORD began his solitary existence with a morbid satisfaction, which did not grow less with time. It was his pleasure to set himself apart from his kind, to grow more old, dogged, and uncharitable in his "Nest." The torpedo was his excuse to shut himself from Grace, and to separate her from him; and though he studied hard to perfect it, and to prepare it for those experiments which the government had undertaken to make, it was still a plea behind which he concealed, almost effectually, his desire to live alone.

He could no longer bear Grace in his home; he had given up every foolish hope that he had fostered, and had acknowledged to himself that she was too young for him, and that he had grown too old. The letters of Victor Dufoy to Grace, breathing of his affection and undying passion for her, had destroyed Abel's last chimera, and he felt that he was far too weak to hide his sorrow and his secret from one who was always at his side. It was right that she should go, and that he should remain in solitude until he had learned better to disguise himself. Grace had not dreamed of her gray-haired, sober-faced guardian loving her with all a youth's affection; and he would have preferred to die, he thought, rather than that she should guess the truth. So let him study his torpedo until disappointment had killed him or hardened him to stone—he cared not which. He had been away some weeks when Grace surprised him by a visit. He met her at the door with shaking hands that would have almost thrust her back from him.

"Grace, you must never come again. This is rash of you—unfair."

"Am I in greater danger than yourself?"

"I have answered that question before," he cried, with great excitement; "and you have promised to keep away. This is a mad step. If I had made up my mind to destroy the old place, the wires might have been connected, and I hiding in safety somewhere. Who can tell?"

Grace regarded Abel Wrayford with astonishment.

"You look surprised, Grace," he said, attempting a smile, "but I have resolved upon an experiment of my own before I submit my plan to a clumsy government. Why should I not try it on the Nest?"

"Our home!"

"It is not like home now; it will never be home again to me."

"Not when I return?"

"Oh, you will not return, Grace. I am going to build a large house further inland, where the wind will swoop less at me in such bitter winter weather as we have had lately. I am getting old, and feel the weather more acutely."

"But you will not destroy this place? This was your father's home."

"Yes," he said, carelessly, "I know that, but I have outlived my liking for it. There! leave me, and do not come again: wait for me to come to you."

"But you come so seldom! Do you know how long it is since we saw you last at Lawson's?"

"A week or two," he answered. "I will come soon—give me time."

"I have been afraid of your illness. I have been watching for your signal very often."

"You need not watch, Grace. I was never better and stronger in my life."

Grace left him, puzzled by his words, regretting the change, seeing not in the distance any brighter days in store for him. Did the pursuit of riches, the study of philosophy, render all men so hard? she wondered.

Abel Wrayford surprised Grace and her friends by a visit a few days after this, but he was not agreeable company, and Lieutenant Lawson, notwithstanding that he was an old friend, was glad when he had taken his departure. Abel was argumentative and satirical; he declined to give any details concerning the Wrayford torpedo, a topic which would have greatly interested his friend, and he entered into discussions upon naval matters, and flatly contradicted the lieutenant in every particular. He returned to his Nest in a sullen mood, and Grace shed many tears that night over her guardian's new manner.

As he went home Abel Wrayford was met by Trustworth, who railed at him in his new abusive style, and told him, with great gravity of countenance, that he had been the ruin of him, and that it was his going up in life which had somehow—he did not intend to explain, never mind that—cast him down. Wrayford was not so readily charitable with this forlorn wretch as usual; and Trustworth marched somewhat unsteadily by his side, talking very loudly, and followed by half a dozen little urchins who were out late that night, and who had become interested in the conversation.

When Wrayford had passed through Greymoor, and ascended some twenty or thirty yards of the steep path leading to the heights on which his house was built, he stopped.

"Do not come any further, Trustworth, or you may roll off the cliff when you return this way."

"I've been up here too often for that."

"Don't follow me; this is dangerous ground. They will tell you in Greymoor that I am likely at any moment to blow up the old house with my experiments."

"I know. I've heard of your last game, and the torpedo, Abel Wrayford. It's in every body's mouth how clever you are—what a new, big fortune you are likely to make, if you don't bust yourself to bits. What right have you to grow so big, and I to be starving here?"

"Hooray!" squeaked three or four voices behind him at this question; and Trustworth turned round and made an ineffective kick or two at his *cortége*.

"I say, what right have you, and who are you, after all? You've robbed me; you've taken all my property away; and I was allers kind to you. Didn't I let you run two quarters once? Wasn't I like a brother to you allers?"

Trustworth was verging on the sentimental. He generally began with abuse and terminated with maudlin reproaches, until Wrayford gave him money, when he launched forth into abuse again by way of peroration. Abel began to feel for his silver at last.

"And yet nobody respects you—nobody likes you, Abel," he continued. "Your own ward keeps away from you, and is going to marry a Frenchman."

"How do you know that?" asked Wrayford, fiercely.

"Oh, I know. They talk at Lawson's, the servants do; they listen—they pick up all the news."

"Good-night."

Wrayford had turned away, when Trustworth shouted after him,

"You'll give me some money—a little help, won't you?"

"Not a farthing!" cried Wrayford. "Keep sober, and earn money for yourself."

"Why—"

"And don't follow me. I am in a hasty mood to-night."

Robert Trustworth was cowed by Abel Wrayford's look. There was something new about it which he did not admire, and which he could not comprehend, save that it assured even his benighted faculties that the chemist was not to be trifled with that evening. Trustworth had always set down Abel Wrayford as a weak and feeble fellow, and no match for a man of his size and strength; but there was an appearance of toughness and ferocity about him on the present occasion which suggested a man who could hold his ground in conflict. Trustworth was not a brave man at heart, for all his bullying, and he gave in. He did not follow Abel Wrayford to his Nest; he turned and ran after the little boys, swearing fiercely in his pursuit, but failing to catch those who had intruded on his steps.

Abel Wrayford was seen no more for a week, but one faithful watcher noted that the light burned late in the topmost room, and that the chemist's studies never seemed to cease. He was studying hard in the midst of his dangerous material one wild winter's storm, which rocked the house and made every timber creak in it with ominous forebodings. On such a night as this, he thought, as he paused now and then to listen to the rushing of the wind and the roaring of the angry sea, Victor Dufoy stepped from the unknown life, and blasted the one hope which he had had.

And on such a night Victor Dufoy came back again—came like a spectre into the very room where he was brooding, and faced the man who had learned so bitterly to despise him. He stood in the doorway looking in upon him, his hand upon the door, which he had opened, his dark, handsome face sad and anxious, his eyes full of inquiry.

"Dufoy!" exclaimed Wrayford, upon perceiving him; "what has brought you to my house? How dare you come into my laboratory unannounced in this manner?"

Abel Wrayford had recovered his surprise, and was cold and cutting as the northeast wind which rioted without.

"Your pardon for my unceremonious intrusion, Mr. Wrayford, but I knocked three times at the door. I was afraid that you were absent or ill."

"How did you obtain admittance into the place?"

"The outer door was open."

"I must have left it unfastened, I suppose," said Abel, musingly. "Well," turning sharply to his visitor, "you are here—what is it that you require?"

"I have your permission to enter, Mr. Wrayford?" he inquired.

"I have no power to forbid you the house *now*," he said, almost regretfully.

Victor Dufoy entered the room very sadly. He had come back to Greymoor full of hope, full of faith in the power of time to have canceled an old injury, or that which Abel Wrayford had taken to himself as an injury; but his reception was a chilling one, and the young Frenchman saw at once that the difficulty before him was insurmountable.

Abel Wrayford regarded his rival with a cold but scrutinizing gaze, seeing that the world had changed with Victor, and guessing that he had brought news of his good fortune. He waved his hand carelessly toward a chair, and took one himself when Victor was seated.

"I am prepared to hear the reason for your visit to me. Mr. Dufoy," he said.

"Oh! Sir," cried Victor, impetuously, "you know the reason that has brought me here. I have returned to claim Grace for my wife—to assert that my position is established—that the French government has been lenient, and forgiven all old follies. I am prepared to take back Grace as my wife, hoping for that permission which you will be generous enough now to concede to me."

"It is not a matter with which I have a right to interfere," said Abel, still more coldly. "I have done with the subject forever."

"But Grace looks forward to your consent, Sir, and believes that I have only to prove my good faith for you to grant that favor which I ask."

"I give no consent to this match," said Wrayford, sharply.

"I have a right, then, Mr. Wrayford, to demand your objections to my marrying your ward."

"I have nothing to explain."

"And yet you," said Victor, "were my benefactor—a kind, generous Christian, to whose care and gentleness I owe my life."

"We need not prolong the discussion," said Wrayford, rising again—"I am tired of it. I am busy, and have a task to fulfill before the sun rises."

"But your consent—"

"Does not stop the way to your marriage with my ward," he said. "I am passive, that is all. I will not utter one reproach at a past deception; but I do not pardon it, and I have no consent to give."

"What possible reason can urge you, Mr. Wrayford, to render your ward unhappy?"

"Unhappy!" he repeated.

"What cruel stubbornness is it that steps between her happiness and mine, and makes you unworthy of yourself? Mr. Wrayford, is there a reason why you will not think of me or study her, or is this madness?"

Abel Wrayford lost his presence of mind, and all that cold demeanor which he had hoped would outlast the interview, and turned upon his handsome rival with eyes blazing with a long pent-up fury.

"Shall I tell you, Mr. Dufoy?" he hissed. "Would you be glad to know the truth, all the truth, from which I have suffered?"

"Yes, Sir, I should be glad."

"You might regard this in another light, and go your way, if you were merciful," he said, eagerly. "But there! there! I can not expect mercy or sympathy from you. Think me mad."

"No, I can not withdraw now. Mr. Wrayford, I will respect your secret, but I ask you to trust me with it for Grace's sake—in Grace's name."

"And for Grace's sake you will keep silence?—you pledge your honor?"

"I pledge my honor."

There came a wild hope to Abel—a strange, wild hope—that Victor Dufoy would see that his love was very poor and weak in comparison with that which had been the one growth of his own life, and would retire before the greater passion.

"Then," he said, "I love Grace Edmonds!"

"You! you!" cried Victor: "yes, but as a father—"

"As a lover," interrupted he, furiously—"as a girl whose progress from childhood I have watched, and for whose love I have waited, yearned for, prayed for."

"Great Heaven!"

"It was her father's wish that she should not marry without my consent, she is aware, but she does not know—she will never know—that it was her father's wish that I should marry her."

"I see it all," said Victor to himself.

"I promised a dying friend that I would watch over Grace, that I would become her guardian, and teach her step by step to love me," Wrayford continued, with the same passionate excitement. "And with this thought before me, with my promise forever ringing in my ears, with Grace growing up all that was beautiful and trustful, was it strange that I should link the one hope of my life to her, and let all other dreams go by? And when her heart was turning to me, and I had grown gray studying her happiness, when to lose her was like losing heaven, you came and took her from me. Judge now, Dufoy," he said, with bitter emphasis, "how much I hate you!"

"Need this hate continue?" replied Victor, quickly. "Is it impossible to become my friend?"

"We love one woman!" was the stern answer.

"But Grace—"

"Grace would have loved me had you not stepped between us—she would have turned to me again, guessing at last my long devotion, if you had kept away. And I deserved her more than you."

Victor made an effort to speak once more, and once more Wrayford interrupted him.

"You are a young man, with life before you, and there is a world of fair women to choose from. I have grown old in loving Grace, and she only is left me. Will you have pity on my isolation?"

"I love Grace!" said Victor.

"What will you take to leave here forever—to be heard of no more?" said Wrayford, bitterly. "Will my wealth, my secrets, which will produce more wealth, tempt you to be merciful?"

"Sir, you insult me," replied Victor. "I love Grace. I would prefer resigning my life to acting dishonorably to her."

"I have no more to say," said Wrayford. "Quit my house before my resolution falters, and I hurl you and myself to perdition."

Victor looked up wonderingly at this remark.

"You are not safe here. Your life is a temptation to me—and I have grown very desperate. Go!"

"And your consent—"

"Is refused," cried Wrayford. "Will you leave my house at once?"

"I regret your obduracy," said Victor, sorrowfully; "but I have a hope that you will be just."

Victor bowed and withdrew, and Wrayford listened to his footsteps down the stairs and along the corridor, until the door closed heavily behind him. Then he gave way somewhat, and folding his arms upon the table, he leaned his gray head upon them, and sunk his grand scheme of distinction in the depths of his sorrow.

CHAPTER IX.

ANOTHER SUCCESS!

ABEL WRAYFORD remained in that strange prostration for a longer period than he was aware; and it was only a startling innovation on his solitude that roused him from his reverie. He had thought all his life over again there, seeing where his fault had been, where his love had been too deeply hidden, and deceived his ward, and where her overconfidence and childish trust had allowed the rival to supplant him. So he had lost her, and even yet had not reconciled his mind to the loss. He was not generous enough to think of Grace before himself at present, although he believed that her felicity would have been with him rather than with Victor. The man's return had startled him, and his defense had shaken past convictions, but not utterly destroyed them. If he had only kept away—if Abel could have believed him a villain unto the end, and Grace have lived him down!

He thought of these things long into the night, forgetting his new scheme, so close upon completion, and the fame which was to follow its fair trial. This man of a great intellect, of whom the world was to talk one day, could think only of a girl's love, and see in her only his ambition. The wind and rain, and hoarse roar of the sea breaking on the beach below, spoke alone of Grace to his ears, and moaned with him at her loss; and the lamp upon the table lit up the student's grief, not his deep researches. The surprise of that memorable night was close upon him when he was brooding still; but he had not met it yet. He was unconscious that the door had opened softly, and a man's head, rough, unkempt, and remarkable for two great glaring eyes within it, had peered round and vanished again. He was not dreaming of intruders, but of a fair-haired girl whom he had pledged his word to a dying man that he would marry; and when the wild-looking head came round the door once more, his own was bowed down, as it had been for hours.

There were strange men in his laboratory at last, rough-looking specimens of humanity, in heavy sea-coats and great boots, who had entered with precaution, and were now staring with a fierce kind of surprise at the sleeping student. It was not till one touched him on the shoulder that Abel woke up to the new danger which was threatening him, and sat back in his chair, looking before him and breathing very hard.

Abel Wrayford was not a timid man, but the appearance in his room of these threatening figures was not to be received quite calmly even by a philosopher, or by a man who thought—or tried to think—that there was nothing worth living for in this world. The intrusion was so sudden and unlooked-for that Abel could almost imagine that it was a dream, a nightmare, from which he should start presently and find himself alone. So deeply had this impression been made upon his mind that his first words were,

"Is this—real?"

"It's real enuf," said a harsh voice, which he recognized, and which dispelled all fancy; "and you needn't be under no manner of alarm."

"Trustworth!" said Abel, quickly.

"Yes, it's me, guv'nor," answered Robert Trustworth, with an air of bravado that was a little forced—"it's me, the down-trodden, druv to desperation by all the wrongs you've put upon him."

"Why are you here?—what men are these?"

"These men are my partikler friends—old salts, who stick by me in my troubles and help me at a pinch; and the pinch has come now, by all that's holy; and men must live."

"I do not see the necessity," said Abel Wrayford, contemptuously.

The chemist of Greymoor had recovered himself, and had realized the danger in which he was placed. There was a villainous plot against him; those men would not have forced themselves into his house and confronted him in this manner had they not matured some cunning scheme by which he was to suffer. They had taken advantage of his lonely existence at last to profit by it, and the desperate men at Greymoor, in whom he had not believed until to-night, were about him in that house. It was a question of robbery or of extortion; and he must hold his ground as well as he could against them, or, seeing the helplessness of his position, give in to their demands, if it were possible.

"We must live," said Trustworth, in a louder voice, "and one man must not have all the good things to hisself. You can't lord it over all of us like this, when there's lots of us don't know which way to turn for a bit of bread or a drop of drink. We won't have it no more without a fight for it—we're druv wild. Look at my friend Bill."

Wrayford looked in the direction which Trustworth had indicated, and saw in Bill a broad-faced, big-whiskered, scowling vagabond.

"There's a man with nine children starving. He's druv to it with me."

"How much money do you want?" asked Wrayford. "Be moderate in your demands, gentlemen, for I have not much in the house."

"We know that. But you keep a banker,"

said Trustworth, with low cunning; "just as I did once, before the beggar bust up with 'arf my money—cuss him! And if you write us out a check, one of us will stop to cash it, while the others takes you out to sea until the money's paid."

"Out to sea?" muttered Abel Wrayford.

"And if there's a trick, and our pal gets into trouble," said Bill, suddenly, in the hoarsest of voices, "we sha'n't stand nice about dropping you overboard; and if all's square, why, we'll land you in good time."

"No, that will not do."

"But it must do, Mister Wrayford," said Bill, who suddenly assumed the part of principal spokesman; "and you must come with us to-night. We ain't children; we ain't planned this for nothing; we ain't all like Bob Trustworth, chicken-'arted, when the drink is out of him, and we've done rougher work than carrying off an old man like you for a sea-voyage."

"Who the devil are you calling an old man?" said Wrayford, testily.

In the midst of his danger he objected with all his force to the appellation. It was the title of "Old Wrayford" which had first suggested to Grace what a kind *father* he was to her!

"Mister Wrayford—if you like it better," said Bill; "and that's our mind, you see, to take you off. I don't see any safer way, myself."

"And the sooner the better," added the man who had not spoken yet.

Wrayford looked at the third speaker attentively, and recognized in him a man who had been imprisoned some years since for his share in wrecking a schooner with false lights. From these men there was no mercy to be gained; they had matured their plans, and he had been the object of much plotting, which at last had found its opportunity. The dark night was against him; the wind and rain were allies in these desperate men's favor—his own voluntary isolation had brought about his peril.

"I may as well be frank with you," said Wrayford, coolly. "I have not a heavy balance at my banker's, at present."

"I don't believe it," cried Trustworth.

"I have money in the Bank of England—money sunk in land, lent on mortgages—but not much money that can be drawn at sight. My balance is less than usual, owing to experiments which I have been carrying out."

"Wot's your balance?" asked Trustworth. "Leave this to me, Bill—you've never knowed much about money-matters."

"My balance is not more than a hundred pounds at present."

Trustworth swore violently at this statement, which he told Wrayford was a lie—a big lie, which would cost him dearly, for now Wrayford was trying to deceive him. Abel opened a drawer of the table at which he was sitting, and threw his pass-book toward Robert Trustworth.

"You have had experience in these matters—judge for yourself."

Trustworth seized the book, and opened it eagerly. Abel Wrayford was right. The balance was one hundred pounds, fifteen shillings, and seven pence.

"Will that sum content you?"

Wrayford was prepared for that sacrifice—for a strange wish had come suddenly across him to be spared for Grace's sake, a strange fear also that he should be taken away by these villains and be heard of no more, or that he might die in resisting the capture, and Grace, in mourning for him, would forever think how hard and ungenerous a man he had become.

"No, it won't do," said Trustworth, laying down the pass-book again. "Why, Wrayford, you don't understand us yet. This is not a light business—a little business—a fancy of one or two of us. There's a boat in the cove, and there's a ship out yonder waiting for it. The ship breaks the blockade at Charleston—you know about the war?—and we're all going to offer our help as sailors for the Confedder—Rats. We go to-night—and you with us. But we want money—two or three thousand—awful bad."

"I have not the money at my disposal. If I had, I should think twice of satisfying your rapacity," said Wrayford.

"Well, you'll have plenty of time to think, Abel Wrayford, for go with us you must. We're too deep in this to start off empty-handed, and we built on you."

"And if I refuse?"

"It don't signify. We shall gag you and carry you down to the beach," cried Bill; "and if you disappoint us altogether, we drop you over!"

"Let me consider this again," said Wrayford.

He could not see his way out of the trap, and he could think only of Grace Edmonds and her lover. That he should disappear forever, and her remembrance of him for all time should be only of his obduracy, of that selfishness which had narrowed his heart and wounded his ward's, was a thought which rendered him as desperate as the villains by whom he was surrounded. Why could he not think of himself, of some plan to secure his safety, or to bribe these men? Why that pale, sweet face ever before him, confusing those keen wits on which he had prided himself before that night?

"Well?" said Trustworth, impatiently.

"Well," said Wrayford, compressing his lips, "I decline to accompany you."

"By ——!" shouted Bill, advancing a step or two toward him, as Wrayford rose in self-defense, "how are you to help it?"

"I will not trust my life with you. I would sooner, weak as I am, fight in my own house for it," he said; "but I will make you one more offer."

Bill paused, and Trustworth and his silent friend in the wrecking line of business craned their heads forward, all attention.

"I am anxious to remain in Greymoor, and I will not go to sea with you," said the chemist; "but I will show you that secret of the color which has made my fortune, and can make yours, upon the condition of your departure afterward."

"What's the good?" began Bill, when Trustworth touched his arm.

"Wait a bit. Let's hear him out. I know what that color's brought him in, and what he would have been without it. Is it easy?"

"A child can understand it. And you, in America, can sell the secret for a large amount."

"We'll see if we can make it out fust," said Bill. "I don't believe in this game for a minit."

"You shall judge for yourselves—and you shall try the experiment for yourselves before you leave me."

"Blessed if this ain't a rum start," said the third intruder, who had said little, but had intended a great deal; "are we going to stop all night? A hundred pounds is better than nothing; and I say take that, and his torpedo thing, which we can sell at Charleston; and him too, till the check's cashed, and we get news that it's all right."

"Wait a bit," said Trustworth, "for—"

Then the three men conferred together in a low tone, inaudible to Wrayford, and quarreled among themselves, he could see, as to what was to become of him, now that they had been disappointed in his banker's balance. He could see that they were not to be trusted for an instant, and that the danger would be no further removed from him after his revelation. While they argued together, he thought deeply also; and Grace was in his thoughts again—Grace far away in that house across the valley wherein the village of Greymoor nestled out of sight. In the house across the valley—the house from the windows of which he suddenly remembered his Nest could be perceived, and where Grace had spoken of her watch at times, in her concern for him; remembering also his promise that he would in a time of danger signal for help, if it were necessary! If he could make some sign, and if by chance Grace should draw aside her blind and look forth into the night, he might be saved to do her justice. He could but think again of what a hard-hearted, envious wretch he had become.

"Look'ee here, Wrayford," said Trustworth, "we've talked it over. We will see the color made, and if it's easy, we'll be square with you. There, that's fair."

"Very well," said Wrayford.

He opened a cupboard in his room, and took therefrom several bottles and vials, which he placed upon the table. Bill and his friend sat down on the floor, with their backs against the door of egress, and chewed tobacco solemnly; and Robert Trustworth looked at all the vials and their contents. It was a strange audience for a chemical experiment, and the half-sullen, half-vacuous look of the three seamen would have made Wrayford smile at a less momentous crisis of his life.

"I don't see how it is to be remembered," said Trustworth, gloomily; "what's all that cussed gibberish on them bottles?"

"I will explain presently."

"What are you up to with that light?"

"I am making room for my experiment."

Wrayford had taken up his small oil-lamp, and placed over it a green glass, which he was accustomed to use at times when his eyes were weak with overapplication to his studies. This he placed, as if carelessly, on the sill of his window, and proceeded very quickly to direct the attention of his audience to the vials upon the table.

"A strong light affects my eyes and disturbs my experiments," he said. "Now watch this piretic acid—"

"Piratic acid!" muttered Trustworth. "Bill, he's chaffing us. No games, Wrayford—you'd better not—upon my soul, you'd better not, old fellow!"

The experiment proceeded for a while, Wrayford explaining, the men stolid but attentive. Suddenly there was an interruption.

"I won't have the light there!" shouted Bill, with a vehemence that made Trustworth jump again; "it looks queer to any one outside."

"It can't be seen from the village—it—why, dash it, though," cried Trustworth, "there's the coast-guard lot, and the Lawsons, where Grace Edmonds is. By Gord, it's a signal—it's been arranged—we're done for if any body's looking out!"

As Trustworth moved the light away, and the men at the door sprang to their feet, Wrayford stepped back to his cupboard, and to a small galvanic battery, which was on the bottom shelf. An instant afterward he was at his table again, looking so deadly white that even his enraged antagonists were struck with his appearance.

"It is a trick, then," gasped forth Trustworth.

"I have not said so," answered Wrayford. "But you have doubted me, and the experiment is at an end."

He swept the bottles to the floor with an impatient hand, and regarded his persecutors with defiance.

"Tie him up, and take him away," cried Bill; "we have not much time to lose; and go he must—it's business."

"One moment," cried Wrayford, in tones which made them pause again, so clear and startling were they. "Gentlemen, you are losing valuable time, and every second wasted here is a chance less for your life. *The torpedo is fired!*"

Bill and his friend stared at Wrayford in a bewildered manner, and Trustworth staggered back several paces as if he had been struck.

"Do you mean it, Wrayford—do you really mean it?" he asked, after two futile efforts to get his words out.

"I mean it," said Wrayford, sternly. "Those wires in my cupboard communicate with a slow-match leading to the torpedo buried in my kitchen. Time is allowed to quit the house, and only time, before the explosion. Doubt my word, stay here if you will, and the Lord have mercy on your wretched souls!"

He covered his face with his hands, and whispered a hasty prayer. When he looked up the men were gone, and he could hear their heavy feet galloping madly down the stairs. One glance round, an instinct to gather up a few papers which were scattered on the table, and then he was following them with hasty strides. A minute afterward and three men were running along the deserted cliffway, and the fourth, Abel Wrayford, making for the downward path leading to the village. He was already descending when he found that Trustworth and his associates had turned again and were gaining on him rapidly. He had no idea how weak he had become, and how incessant application to his studies had sapped his strength, until he endeavored to increase the distance between himself and his pursuers. Then he gave way, seized by an awful pain in the side that arrested further progress, and Trustworth's hands were on his shoulders.

"It wa—wa—was a trick, then," gasped Trustworth. "You can't go—we must take you away. It's more than our lives are worth to leave you in Greymoor."

"Coward!"

He turned and grappled with the fisherman, until the hands of the others were upon him and bore him to the earth. At the same instant there was a mighty roar, a trembling of the ground on which they stood, a bright stream of flame leaping up suddenly to heaven, and turning cliff and sky and sea to crimson, and then Wrayford's Nest was hurled into a thousand fragments.

They were thrown to the ground by the concussion, and Wrayford for an instant thought the sailors were dead, so still were they. Suddenly the scream of a woman brought them to life, and gave hope to Abel.

"He has destroyed the Nest," cried Grace. "Oh! haste, Victor—haste, good friends!"

There followed the tramping of many feet, and Trustworth and his men were on their legs again.

"The coast-guard!" cried Bill; and with one bound he went to the cliff's verge and slid downward like a huge cat, while Trustworth and his companion, holding their hands to their faces, disappeared in the darkness of the night that had followed the explosion, and were seen no more in Greymoor.

Grace, Victor, and the coast-guards, who had been aroused by Grace's energy, discovered only a gray-haired man lying on the wet grass in their path.

"Oh, Abel—my dear guardian!" cried Grace, bending over him.

"I am well—and safe," he whispered. "Let me rest a moment."

"You signaled to me? In the green light there was danger!"

"Yes. Thank Heaven you saw it!" muttered Wrayford.

"What has happened?" asked Victor.

"I will tell you presently," he said; "the experiment has been tested, and—and the torpedo is a success."

"It has frightened Greymoor into fits, and broken all the windows in the place," grumbled Lieutenant Lawson.

"I thought it would," said Wrayford, dryly. He was on his feet.

He made an effort to move after a while, and when Grace and Victor drew his arms within their own for his support, he made no effort to withdraw them.

"I think that I have learned a lesson to-night," he said to Grace. "You were looking for me, then?"

"Yes. And seeing the signal, I found Victor, and—"

"Oh! he was not far off, I wager," Abel answered, in a cheery tone, that made their hearts leap.

"I found Victor, and we started off with those of the coast-guard who were on duty."

"Saving my life," he said, "saving my life. Well, you came for me," he added; "presently, you must go to him."

"Oh, Gardy!"

"Oh, Mr. Wrayford!" exclaimed Victor, gratefully.

"Seeing you two happy—you two faithful lovers," he said, "I shall be happy myself, I think. Why, what will old Wrayford have to regret?"

He pressed Victor's arm, and Victor understood him.

Lower down the cliff they met all Greymoor coming up, with much whooping and shouting, toward the Nest. Abel did not appear to heed them, and when Grace said, laughingly, that here were more friends advancing to the rescue, he replied,

"My sight has failed me a little—I don't see them."

Grace and Victor looked eagerly into his face.

"Oh! he is blind!" she cried.

"Yes, yes; don't make a scene, Grace," he said, calmly. "Get me to Lawson's home, and there nurse me for a time. I may recover this shock in careful hands. That torpedo was very powerful. It is a great success, thank Heaven!"

And in careful hands, and in the hands of her he loved, his sight came back slowly, after grave doubts of learned oculists. When he was well again he gave Grace away at the altar of old Greymoor Church, which was not big enough for all those good neighbors who thronged the edifice to see the wedding. Robert Trustworth was not there. A man with only half a nose reached America about that time, in company with one gentleman who was thumbless and another who was eyebrowless and generally disfigured. They were sufferers by the war, they told folk who were curious—a little powder had blown up and damaged them.

Abel Wrayford nurses two of Grace's children now, and Victor, settled in England, helps him in his studies, as in those past days when he stole the chemist's hope away from him. And Abel, as he bends his head over Grace's eldest girl—his hair is as white as snow now, and he is not forty-five—whispers again, as on that night they led him down the cliff, "What has old Wrayford to regret?"

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS.

THERE was a time when men used to dress; when high hats, black coats, and trowsers were not invented; when velvet, lace, and satin, feathers, curls, and ruffles, were masculine adornments; when women had no monopoly of the more delicate materials of costume; when color, shape, and substance were at the equal disposition of both sexes. The revolution of 1789, its consequences throughout Europe, the leveling tendencies which resulted from it, brought about equality in men's clothes, and gradually led us to the hideousness of covering which now distinguishes male humanity, and to the apathy which induces us to support it without revolt. The slavery of habit, the tyranny of our neighbors, the terror of opinion, have thus far kept us where we are, and have rendered change impossible; but, for our children's sake, it is indeed to be fondly hoped that a resolute reformer will soon appear, and will deliver us from our bondage. Our period is great in trade, in newspapers, in preserved meat, in war, but it strangles individuality, it chokes all aspirations which lie outside the adopted groove; it has no sympathy with social innovators. We live in such constant need of each other's aid that we dare not offend each other's prejudices; so that even those among us who most keenly feel that a radical change in the dress of men is absolutely necessary, and that its originator would be a benefactor to the universe, do not venture to offer an example. Yet surely we all must feel that the nineteenth century is an epoch of appalling frightfulness; that the gentlemen who now have their portraits proudly painted in tail coats and white cravats will be objects of contumely to their grandsons, and that their successors will be utterly unable to comprehend that a generation which was so inventive in politics, in science, and in the details of material progress—which was seemingly so full of liberty of thought—should have had no liberty of action, and should have silently supported the outrageous despotism of ugliness.

We shrink from change because we pretend that it would indicate vanity and affectation, and that the frank adoption of external ornament would be unworthy of the manly natures of our time. But we overlook two facts: the first, that, with all our fancied manliness, we pay singular attention to our vestments, abominable as they are; the second, that when men did dress well, they were quite as much men as we are, and perhaps a little more so. The mousquetaires of Louis Treize wore the most perfect clothes which the world has ever seen; Condé, Raleigh, Henri Quatre, the Cavaliers, were models of costume; but it would be difficult to pretend that they were not gallant soldiers and real men. There is no necessary connection between effeminacy and graceful dress; there is no inherent unworthiness in the pursuit of outward charm; and though many proclaim that the adornment of men's bodies is an object beneath our care, there is no argument in history or in morals in favor of that pretension.

The absolute exclusion of the male half of a community from direct participation in outside ornament has led the men to gratify their pent-up vanity, their unsatisfied ideas of taste, by excessive adornment of their women. Vanity must come out somehow; taste—be it good or bad—must have its say; so, as men are limited to the eminently insufficient satisfactions which modern tailors offer them—to the choice between two buttons or one button on their sleeves, to trowsers rather loose or very loose—they burst out in their wives and daughters, and seek in them what they are forbidden to enjoy in their own proper persons. The women have no objection to this system; on the contrary, their monopoly is peculiarly agreeable to them; but it would be unjust to attribute to them the whole blame of the excesses which actual Europe, from France downward, offers to our eye. Men have asked for these excesses, have stimulated them, have admired them; for the theory that women dress for women, and men for men, is an illusion; women dress to please, and to please men more than women. They have used their opportunity with audacious recklessness, but the opportunity was created for them. They did not invent it all alone; men have helped them eagerly, and can not escape the responsibility of their acts. They may, however, reasonably invoke extenuating circumstances; they may point to their own miserable condition, and ask if their eyes are to receive no satisfaction any where; they may say that they are poor weak creatures, full of frailties, and that they find enjoyment in the contemplation of smart clothes on women, because they can not admire them on themselves. They do deserve some excuse, in the origin of their action at all events. Their longing for a pleasanter sight than they present themselves was natural and even praiseworthy; but when once they had pushed women on the road, they lost all control over them, women got away, and culminated in the mad elegance, the wild extravagance, which distinguished the second empire, and which, in some degree, contributed to bring about the rottenness of France.